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J. BUCK, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. CARROLLTOWN, PA. ...of John Buck's store. Night ...made at the residence of JOHN ... [April 1, 1875.-tf.]

The Maid of Sparta.

My thoughts delight to wander
On this immediate shore—
Where lovely, fair and tender,
Is she whom I adore.
May heaven, its blessings sparing,
On her bestow them free—
The lov-ly maid of Sparta,
Who sweetly sings to me.

Had fortune fix'd my station,
In some propitious hour,
The monarch of a nation—
Endow'd with wealth and power—
That wealth and power sharing
My peerless queen should be—
The lovely maid of Sparta,
Who sweetly sings to me.

Although the restless ocean,
May some day between us roar,
Yet while my heart has motion,
She'll lodge within its core;
For artless and endearing,
And mild and young is she,
The lovely maid of Sparta
Who sweetly sings to me.

When fate giv s intimation
That my last hour is nigh,
With placid resignation,
I'll lay me down and die;
For d hope my bosom cheering,
That I in heaven shall see,
The lovely maid of Sparta,
Who sweetly sings to me.

A PERILOUS COMPACT.

"You say, Captain Jackson, that you have received written instructions from your owners by the last mail?"

"Yes, sir, very particular and specific orders regarding the cargo wanted for the good ship Exporter."

"If I understand you aright, the best quality of silk and the finest grade of teas only, are wanted?"

"Exactly, Mr. Failing. But why do you ask? Are you unable to load the ship with the required quality and grade of goods?"

"We'll see in good time, Jackson. But, I say, have you any objection to my glancing over your written instructions?"

"Certainly not; and if you are to furnish the cargo, I think it advisable for you to thoroughly understand what is wanted and what I am allowed to receive."

The keen, gray eyes of Mr. Failing were fastened intently upon the weatherbeaten countenance of the seaman for a moment, and then in a soft, insinuating tone, he added:

"If you will give me a boat, Jackson, I will send my China boy ashore for a case of dry Monopole. The weather is warm, and iced champagne will not be disagreeable, eh?"

"By no means; but it is a luxury we poor sailors seldom have the opportunity of tasting," replied the captain, with a sigh, as he though of his far-off wife and two little babies.

The champagne was soon sparkling in the slender glasses, and the merchant pledged the sailor and his noble ship in a brimming bumper.

The Exporter was a fine clipper engaged in the China trade, owned by an opulent firm who counted their dollars by millions. The ship was commanded by Captain Jackson, an experienced shipmaster, but who had been compelled to accept the grinding terms of the parsimonious owners of the Exporter.

Captain Jackson had been unfortunate, and at the time he applied to the firm for employment he was in debt, with a wife and family looking to him for support. He was not in a condition to dictate terms, but ventured to remonstrate feebly at the inadequate salary offered for the amount of property and responsibility he was expected to control and look after.

"We can get plenty of shipmasters for eighty dollars per month," was the cold, harsh reply. "We do no not ask you to accept it. *You* come to us; if you demur, another shall take your place."

And with a heavy heart the poor fellow signed the articles, while the pale, suffering face of his wife rose up before him.

The Exporter was lying off Shanghai waiting for the valuable and special cargo which had been ordered by mail.

The merchant, Mr. Failing, was on board, and as has already been narrated, was taking his comfort in the wide spacious cabin of the vessel.

Glass after glass of champagne had been quaffed, the fragrant perfume of choice cigars filled the cabin, and poor Jackson as the generous vintage mounted to his brain, for a time forgot his troubles.

The letter lay on the table before Failing, who, with his heels perched on a projecting cornice of the cabin, smoked in silence, while Jackson with a volubility entirely unnatural to him, poured into the ears of Failing the entire story of his wrongs.

"You are not half paid that is certain, Jackson, and there is but little chance to make a dollar out of the main hatch. To be sure you can do a little something with the stevedore, ship chandler, etc.; but after all what does it amount to? *I* came out here to make a fortune Jackson; honestly if I can, and thus far have no reason to complain. But you are situated differently. You have no opportunities, your life is passing away, the greater portion of it is spent in buffeting the elements at eighty dollars per month—for what? that your owners may reap hundreds of thousands of dollars from your talents. Is *that* honest, is it right or just? No. And how will it end? You are past the meridian of life, and you say you are 'astern of the lighter.' Now I shall speak plain, Jackson, too plain perhaps; but fill your glass, man, it has been empty this half hour. As I said before, every day will bring you nearer to the grave, and the best years of your life spent away from your family whom you love. Even supposing that no accident occurs to excite the wrath of the firm that might cost you your position, in due course of time you will be worn out, feeble and acts on the part of Dunlaw came under our notice.

The third day after the above incidents took place we were off duty. It had threatened rain during the morning, and the day proved dark and cloudy. Shortly after noon one of our party, anxious to see some specimens of the famed rifle shooting of the West, took from his baggage a finely-mounted powder-flask, which he offered as a prize to the best shot.

There were half-a-dozen volunteers, and the details were speedily arranged. Three shots each were to be allowed, at one hundred and fifty paces, and the man whose three shots made the shortest string, measuring from the centre of the bull's-eye, was to receive the flask.

Jack Dunlaw and Stephen Ranney were among the contestants. I had been quite curious to see how these two persons would meet, but I noticed no change in the young man's deportment. He spoke but little, and when the list was arranged for the precedence, voluntarily took the last place. Then folding his arms and leaning against the doorway, he carefully watched the trial.

Jack was one of the first to try his skill, and when three shots had been fired it was found that one of his bullets had struck within an inch of the centre, while the other two were not more than half an inch farther removed.

"Four inches!" the surveyor announced, after carefully measuring the distance of the several shots.

"Yas," growled Jack, throwing himself upon a bench; "I'll wait here till you beat that, some on yer, and *when* yer dew it ye kin take that ther little powder-box."

The others fired in their several turns, and our party was quite surprised to find the shooting no more accurate. Indeed we began to look with distrust upon the wonderful stories of romance writers.

All had fired at last save Stephen Ranney, and Jack had made much the shortest string.

The young man took his place, and raised his rifle, which was considerably shorter than any of the others.

"Look here, youngster," growled Jack, with a wink to his admirers, "you'd better have a pop-gun; that wouldn't hurt anybody, and you'd be jist as likely tew hit the mark as yer will with that boy's plaything."

Stephen made no reply, but placing his weapon in rest, bowed his cheek to the breech, and the next moment the sharp report rang out.

"In the edge of the bull's-eye, half an inch from the centre!" shouted the marker. "The best shot yet."

"It's an accident! He can't hit the board next time!" cried Jack.

I saw from his manner that he was getting excited and angry; but Stephen reloaded his weapon in the most unconcerned manner imaginable. As he was about to fire, Jack walked toward the target to mark the effect of the shot.

It was given as promptly as the first, and to the surprise of every one, it struck almost exactly in the centre of the bull's-eye. But without waiting to hear the result, Stephen turned to reload his piece.

With a stride like that of an enraged elephant, Jack Dunlaw moved up to the side of his successful competitor.

"Don't ye dar' do that ag'in!" he hissed, between his shut jaws. "If yer do, 'twill be a hard day for yer. Now mark what I tell yer! I ain't goin' to fool around no upstart like you. Ye've made a lucky hit twice; now let that end it!"

The young man made no answer; but I saw his cheek become a shade paler, and his hand a trifle less steady, as he rammed home the bullet. Then, with lips tightly compressed, and eyes fixed upon the target, he dropped upon one knee, and leveled his rifle.

"Now don't yer make another mistake!" was Jack's last admonition, accompanied by a shake of the fist so close to the young man's face that I began to feel like grasping the bully from behind and dragging him from the scene.

The third shot sped as the others had done, and then the young man sprang to his feet, dropping his rifle to the ground in a manner which showed that patience had nearly ceased to be his ruling virtue. Still I could not anticipate the scenes which were to follow.

The last bullet had struck just outside the bull's eye, and after carefully measuring the three, Tom Tarbox, he who had offered the prize, and kept the measurements, stepped up among the crowd now gathered, and said:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Ranney has made the best record, his three shots measuring but two inches; so to him I give the flask, according to agreement."

He reached forth the prize as he spoke, but before the young man could take it, Jack snatched it from the surveyor's hand and thrust it into his pocket. No one anticipated such a movement, and it was some moments before Tarbox recovered his self-possession so as to speak.

"The flask belongs to Mr. Ranney," he said. "Please let him have it."

"The flask belongs to me," retorted Jack. "His shootin' war all accidental. He only *happened* to hit whar he did. But then, he ken have the flask if he can git it, or you either."

Tarbox bit his lip, and looked to the other members of the party, undecided how to act. Seeing his irresolution Ranney stepped forward, and said:

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Tarbox. The flask is mine, and I will see to getting it."

"You will, eh?" snarled the bully. "Git away from me—out of arm's reach—or I'll smash ye like a roast tater!"

Thus speaking the giant swung his fists about, but the young man did not move. Instead he received a blow upon the head which knocked away his hat, and seemed to change his whole nature to that of a young lion. With a strength and agility wholly unlooked for he dealt the giant a fearful blow full upon the nose, which knocked him to the ground, and deluged the uncomely face and beard with torrents of blood. There was a momentary struggle upon the ground after the bully fell, and then Stephen stepped back a pace or two.

In a moment the ruffian was upon his feet again, and with a fearful curse he placed his hand where he expected to find a revolver. But it was gone. Then he sought for his knife, but that too was missing. The young man had taken the precaution of removing them, so that now the two stood upon equal ground. But what a contrast! Nine inches in height the bully towered above his antagonist, while in actual weight he was more than twice his equal.

There was no parley or hesitation. Finding himself weaponless Jack rushed for the young man, and would have crushed him in a deadly grasp, but the young man did not wait for the process. A quick, fierce blow, falling just where the other had fallen staggered the rascal, and before he could see what had become of the man he supposed already in his grasp, a tremendous crack in the ear brought him again to the ground. Again he scrambled to his feet, and again he was knocked down by a single reverberating blow. The third time he arose, but before he could wipe the blood from his eyes sufficiently to distinguish his antagonist the hard earth again became his bed.

This time he did not rise immediately. It was patent to every one before this stage of the encounter that he was overmatched for once, and at last that fact seemed to have become clear to his own mind. Drawing the flask from his pocket he cast it upon the ground muttering savagely:

"There's yer old flask! Take it if yer want it so bad!"

Stephen stepped to the spot where the coveted prize lay and picked it up, placing it beside his rifle. Then turning to again to the discomfited bully, who had now risen to his feet, he continued.

"Jack Dunlaw, I am not done with you yet. A few days ago you brutally insulted Cora Russell. I could have shot you dead, and I should have done it had I not pitied you. Now you can take your choice—go, and on your knees ask her pardon, and then quit this place forever or die where you stand! This quarrel is not of my seeking, but now that you have begun it take your choice. I give you three minutes to decide."

A half-dozen watches were produced, and the attention of our party was divided between their slowly-moving hands and the excited group before us. At first it seemed as though Jack desired to renew the fight. He looked around upon those who had been his confederates, but their sympathy had gone, and it was apparent that Stephen Ranney had in a moment become the hero of the occasion. Jack's eyes, too, were nearly closed from the energetic blows he had received, and his courage, if any he had ever possessed, seemed to have gone entirely.

A nod, a watch closed and returned to the pocket of its owner, announced the expiration of the time. Not a change of muscle or expression passed over Stephen's features as he remarked:

"The time is up, Jack Dunlaw; will you live or die?"

Jack looked around once more and plaintively asked:

"What do you say, boys?"

"Do as he tells yer," replied one who had been Jack's most devoted supporter in times past.

The last hope seemed to leave the contemptible giant. In a voice weak and wavering he said:

"I'll leave, that orter satisfy ye."

"You will do what I said, *or*—"

The sentence remained unspoken. Jack Dunlaw bowed his head, and walked meekly away to make the required apology. I did not follow, though many did. Five minutes later I saw him, the blood washed from his face, walking slowly away into the forest. We did not see him again, nor did he return to that station to my knowledge.

The favor which Jack lost was transferred to Stephen, and a fine village, which has since grown up there, bears to-day the stamp of his quiet energy and courage.

It is surprising how many objects of interest a boy who is sent to weed potatoes will find in a day in a garden which he considers it his sacred duty to show to his mother forthwith. It seems to be a boy's missian in life to work as plumbers do—by the hour.

ALMOST A CENTENNIAL ROMANCE.

A YOUNG KENTUCKY HEROINE.

The Louisville *Journal* tells this story of ninety-nine years ago. Sunday, July 14, 1776, just when the rudely-constructed fort at Boonsborough lay in drowsy stillness on the bank os the Kentucky river, Daniel Boone and his associate, Richard Callaway, had been absent since early in the morning, and the good wives, sharers in the toil of the early pioneer days, were enjoying the rest that the Sabbath brought even to the unbroken wilderness. In the grateful shade of the tree in one corner of the enclosure sat three young girls, just blooming into womanhood, and giving an unwonted charm to the rough evidences of civilization which had but recently forced themselves upon the primitive harmony of the surrounding scenery. The eldest of these maidens was Elizabeth Callaway. The other girls were younger by two years and differed from her in appearance. Fanny Callaway was fairer than her sister Betsy, but not more pleasing in appearance. The third girl, Jemima Boone, was also naturally fair, and, like Fanny, owed whatever fairness she may have lost to constant exposure to the weather. Nor were these two younger maidens without their fancies, too, for the wilderness matures its occupants rapidly, and, though but 14 years counted the lives of the two girls, each had a lover, who was a hardy and bold pioneer, and ready to encounter any danger for his lady love. As evening drew near, the last lingering breath of air seemed to lull itself to rest and the July heat seemed to become more oppressive—the quick ear of one of the girls caught the sound of the river as its subdued murmur floated up over the bank, and she proposed that they should go a short distance below the fort to where a canoe was lying, and drift but upon the bosom of the river, to catch the rising coolness of the evening waters. Hardly were, they seated, and prepared to push from the shore, when they detected a slight rustle in the brush, and in a moment more five stalwart and hideously painted Indians leaped to the side the canoe and pulled it close to the shore. What girl of 16 could be equal to such an emergency? It was here that the sentimental girl who had just been dreaming of her absent lover, and wandering through the realms of maiden fancy with love-sick girls like herself, in an instant converted herself into the daring and hardy woman of the frontier; it was here that Betsy Callaway, without a momen's hesitation, determined to defend the honor and the lives of herself and her young companions, and wrote her name in the annals of Kentucky. Standing erect in the canoe, she seized the paddle, and at a single blow laid open to the bone the head of of the foremost savage. The other Indians pressed on, but, still undaunted, the brave girl fought them with the ferocity of a mother protecting her young. Finally exhausted, she sank to the bottom of the canoe, and with her trembling sister and friend was dragged ashore, and hurried off to meet whatever fate migh be in store for them. The consternation at the fort can well be imagined. The fathers of the girls soon returned, and, before the night closed in, Daniel Boone, at the head of a party on foot, and Richard Callaway, at the head of a party on horseback, were off in pursuit. In Boone's party were Samuel Henderson, John Holder and Flanders Callaway. What gave these youths such determined looks and made them press on so eagerly? Was it only a knightly spirit that prompted them to the rescue of forlorn and captured damsels? Ah! as Samuel Henderson strode along he was thinking of the olive-cheeked heroine, Betsy Callaway; and John Holder clenched his hands and ground his teeth when he thought of poor, little, frightened Fanny; and Flanders Callaway almost forgot his kith and kin for thinking of his captured Jemima Boone. When the Indians started with the girls they made the younger ones take off their shoes and put on moccasins, but Betsy refused to take off her shoes, and as she walked along she ground her heel into the soil to leave a trail. Noticing this the Indians made the whole party walk apart and deviate from the course so as to wade through the water and destroy the trail. Then the undaunted Betsy broke off twigs and dropped them along the road, never doubting for a moment that her father and her lover would soon be in hot pursuit of them; and when the savages threatened her with uplifted tomahawk if she persisted in this, she secretly tore off portions of her dress and dropped them on the road. Boone's party soon found the trail and followed it rapidly, fearing that the girls might grow weary and be put to death. All Sunday night and all Monday the pursuit was kept up. on Tuesday morning a slender column of smoke was seen in the distance, and the experienced eye of the hunter at once detected the camp of the Indians. A serious difficulty now presented itself. How were the captives to be rescued without giving the captors time to kill them? There was but little time for reflection, as the Indians must quickly discover their presence. The white men were sure shots, and so they picked their men, fired upon them, and rushed into the camp to the rescue. At that moment of attack the girls were sitting at the foot of a tree, Betsy with a red bandanna handkerchief thrown over her head, while the heads of Fannie and Jemima were reclining in her lap. Betsy's olive complexion came near serving her a bad turn at this juncture, for one of the rescuing party coming suddenly upon her mistook her for an Indian, and was about to knock her brains out with the butt of his rifle when a friendly hand intervened and saved the girl from meeting her death just at the moment when she saw liberty within her reach.

The father and gallants carried their loved ones home in triumph, and this romance of real life in Kentucky a century ago would not be complete without the information that the dreams of love and happiness that were so cruelly disturbed ninety-nine years ago this summer day were subsequently all realized. Brave Betsy Callaway became Mrs. Samuel Henderson, and lived to tell the story of her capture to her children and her children's children. Little Fanny became Mrs. John Holder and Flanders Callaway took to his home Miss Jemima Boone, and thus cemented the friendly ties of the Boones and Callaways. It is a long time ago, nigh on to a hundred years, and all the actors in the romance have long since departed, but their memory is green with many of us yet, and we can all well afford to give a few thoughts to the event that marked their characters and the times in which they lived and loved.

Origin of the Wheelbarrow.—It takes a great man to do a little thing, sometimes.

Who do you think invented that very simple thing you call a wheelbarrow? Why, no less a man than Leonardo de Vinci.

And who was he?

He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist engineer, natural historian, botanist, and inventor, all in one. He wasn't a "Jack of all trades and master of none, either. He was a real master of many arts, and a practical worker besides.

When did he live?

Somewhere about the time that Columbus discovered America.

And where was he born?

In the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy.

Perhaps some of you may feel a little better acquainted with him when I tell you that it was Leonrdo de Vinci who painted one of the greatest pictures in the world—"The Last Supper," a picture that has been copied many times, and engraved in several styles, so that almost every one has an idea of the arrangement and position at the table of the figures of our Lord and His disciples, though I am told that without seeing the painting itself, no one can form a notion of how grand and beautiful it is.

And only think of the thousands of poor hardworking Americans who really own, in their wheelbarrow, an original "work" of Leonardo de Vinci.

A California exchange relates a story about a solid old farmer who came into town, and learning that wheat was being sold readily at two dollars and upwards, felt rather chagrined over the fact that he had disposed of his crop the previous week for $1,63. He told the commission merchant to whom he had sold his grain that, inasmuch as he had made a good speculation on his former buy, he ought now to purchase the balance of his crop at a good round sum. When asked how much wheat he had left he replied, "One sack," and that he wanted the highest figure that had been paid to anybody this season, namely, $2.50. The buyer immediately closed the bargain and took the wheat. Our agricultural friend then strolled around town, and stated that he had sold his wheat (he didn't say how much) at $2.50, and that the market was "away up." Nobody believed him, and bets were freely offered and taken that there was nothing in it. The farmer kept taking the bets and sending his victims to the grain dealer for the proof, until he gathered in about $70 in coin. It was the sharpest wheat transaction of the season, besides being a capital joke. The best part of the latter is that one of the victimized betting gentlemen is a clerk in the house where the enormous sale was made, and was sold for a larger sum than the cereal.

It was down in Georgia. There were three of them sitting like cast iron tobacco signs. "Dere's goin' to be another' publikin paper her purty soon de fokes say," said one. "An' all we niggers got to 'scribe, kase de 'lection is coming nigh unto hand," said another. "'Scribe nothing!" said the third one, as he loosened up his cotton suspender; "I'm done with dis 'publikin business, I is. Didn't I hear de preacher readin' in de Bible 'bout de 'publikins? Why, when de Lord hisself was on de yearth dey used to sit in de high places at de front gates of de towns, an' take up taxes an' 'sessments from de fokes. And now dese 'publikins doin' de same ting, don't you see? Now, dey don't git no more 'sessment outen dis nigger fur no 'lection, scribins, an' nothin'!"

Empty indeed is the life of an old maid. Never has she felt the maternal rapture of tucking away two curly-headed cherubs, and hear one say to the other, "Hands off, Jim, or I'll butt you where you live!"

SILAS HIVING BEES.

HOW HE EXPECTED TO DO IT, AND HOW HE DIDN'T.

The old gentleman's name is Silas, and that of his eldest son is George; his wife's name is Matilda, and his three pretty daughters are named Helen, Alice and Susie, there is a little Silas, too, and an older boy whose name is too queer to mention.

The bees had alighted in a great bunch, as large as a half-bushel measure, on the limb of a peach-tree in the yard. You all know how it is done. A table is placed under the overhanging limb, spread with a clean, white cloth, and the hive placed thereon.

Then one of the boys, one that is good for nothing else, is sent into the tree with a saw to sever the limb; the limb comes down slowly and easily, and the old gent below, dressed in a great coat, buckskin gloves, cowhide boots, and a bed quilt tied around his neck and face, slyly manipulates a twig from the tree, and in two minutes has safely coaxed every bee to enter the hive, during all of which time Matilda and Helen and Alice and Susie pound the bottoms out of just four tin pans, little Silas does his prettiest yelling, while the boy with the queer name is just old enough to and sharp enough to slip behind the house and wait for the thing to come to a point. That is the way it ought to have gone off; but that isn't the way it did. Silas, the elder, was very comfortably bundled up for so warm a day, and he had his suit well arranged, only he forgot to tie strings around the bottoms of his pants legs.

The bees had settled on the limb of a peach tree, and Silas, when his table and white cloth and hive were all ready, commanded:

"Now, George, grab that old rusty saw and climb; I guess you can cut that small limb off easy enough."

George was just home from a six months' term at school, and he felt a great tenderness for his father, and would have gone through a patch of thistles barefoot to please the old gent, and yet he had a particular dread for the "business end" of a bee, and particularly of such a crowd of them. But he obeyed, and began to fiddle away cautiously upon the particular limb. One little bunch of bees dropped off, and were caged; another and another small bunch dropped, and the prospect seemed good, when suddenly an old honey-maker, who had been in the business before, soared upward. George shut up one eye quick, gave one terrific surge on the old rusty saw, got out of that tree at one jump, and his anxious mother caught one glimpse of him as he flew around the corner of the barn twenty yards away.

But poor old Silas! The bees came down, and he thought the bunch was as big as a haystack now. They did not go into the hive, but they went through his overcoat and bed quilts as if these had been only mosquito bars, and they climbed up the inside of his pants legs, and the old gent danced as he had never danced before; and he slapped his legs, as he never allowed any one else to slap them, and his voice towered high above the clatter of the tin pans and the shrieks of little Silas as he yelled:

"Throw water on me! throw water on me, wet me down!"

He rolled three or four times over in the grass, and sprang up shouting, "Slap me! slap me! Can't you slap me?" in the midst of which little Silas crept up behind his infuriated pa and dealt him a lively one with a shingle; but poor little Silas landed the next second against the milk house, for his pa took him and his shingle for a thousand bees, and gently brushed them off.

O, the agony of that three minutes' jig. He appealed to his wife.

"Matilda, for heaven's sake, bring me another pair of breeches, won't you?"

But these things don't last always, any more than any other happiness, and after a few minutes the old gent came limping out of the cellar with the breeches on that Matilda brought him, feeling much easier, but certainly much fatigued, just as George got back from the barn and the boy with the queer name slipped around the corner of the house. Both boys were very anxious to know how matters stood, and asked:

"Did you git 'em hived, pa?"

But the old man was too mad to answer or even look at his boys. He turned to little Silas and said:

"Little one, you meant all right, and I'm sorry I cuffed you so; next time don't slap so hard."

Then to his wife, "Matilda, to you I owe everything. Accept my heartfelt gratitude. We'll take no more stock in bees. I have made up my mind, and it's settled. May our quiet, peaceful farm home never be stirred up again. Seems to me I never had so much of life crowded into a few short minutes before. Run after the cows now, boys; be off, for it is almost dark."

He was milking the cow, "So!" he said, gently, when she kicked the first time. On the second he became less patronizing, and yelled out, "Ho! you now!" But when she raised her foot aloft and deposited the contents of the pail in his lap, he shrieked, "—— your old hide!" and went for that bovine with a pitchfork. The girl across the way does the milking now.

When does a man keep his word? When no one will take it.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
Friday Morning, - - Aug. 27, 1875.

THE citizen who fails to get assessed before September 1st, and to assist by his ballot in overthrowing the party that is dragging the country to destruction through its incompetence and dishonesty, does not deserve to enjoy the privilege he refuses to exercise.

EVERY member of the Cabinet and the President to boot, was absent from Washington last week, and the Government was run by the clerks. No wonder defalcations and embezzlements are of almost daily occurrence. Except under Grant's administration, such a thing never before occurred in the history of this Government.

THE Governor of Tennessee has appointed D. M. Key to succeed the late Andrew Johnson in the U. S. Senate, Mr. Key is a lawyer, and is about 50 years of age. He was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Confederate service, and distinguished himself in the Constitutional convention of his State in 1870. In 1872 he was the Democratic candidate for Congress in his district, but was defeated. He now fills the office of Chancellor of the Chattanooga district, and is represented to be a gentleman of modest and distinguished bearing, clear headed and firm on the beneh, and very popular throughout East Tennessee, where he resides.

READING on Saturday came very nearly being the scene of a riot at the funeral of the woman who killed herself and her three children to escape from a life which had become a burden. The town was rightly indignant, and even the women joined in the hue and cry against the ba band who had driven the suicide to her fate. And yet, remarks the Philadelphia *Times*, there are hundreds of such wives and husbands in Reading to-day, the one hard-working, industrious and honest, the other idle, drunken and dissolute. The people around them pay no attention to them whatever, and the husband may drink and the wife starve for all their neighbors care. It is only when the story has some such sequel as that of the Bissinger case that their pity is stirred and their indignation aroused. The hundreds of women who are murdered in secret have no sympathy.

IF there has been any doubt heretofore existing about the election of "old Bill Allen" as Governor of Ohio, there is none whatever now. That chronic office-seeker and doubly played out politician, Harry White, is in Ohio making speeches in his own star spangled banner style against the veteran William and in favor of Hayes, his Radical opponent. If White's efforts on the stump, which, like an Irishman's dreams, "go by contraries," don't make Allen's election a sure thing, no other human agency could bring about that result; and if they fail to do so, then the effect of his spread eagle oratory on the *Buckeye* boys will be directly the reverse of what it has been on the people of his own State. We trust that White will stay in Ohio abusing Allen and the Democratic party until the eve of the election in October. He can then come home, and if he has a taste for figures, add up his majority and contemplate the magnitude of the work he has performed.

JOHN W. FORNEY in a late London letter to the Philadelphia *Press* says that a distinguished gentleman of Manchester, in answer to his (Forney's) inquiry as to the fidelity of the public servants, stated to him that "any man holding a responsible office in England would as soon think of putting his hand into the fire as of using the public money for his own purposes." Assuming this to be substantially true, as we doubt not it is, it shows that in that country *honesty* in the public service is the *rule*, while in this great, glorious and free republic it is well known to be the *exception*. It is a humiliating and a disgraceful fact, and yet it is true, that in no country on the face of the globe are peculation and embezzlement by men holding positions of trust and responsibility so common as in the United States. The papers throughout the entire country, both daily and weekly, bear testimony to this melancholy truth. Time perhaps will work a reform and inaugurate an era of genuine honesty among officeholders. But this is almost hoping against hope.

WILLIAM WELSH, of Philadelphia, at one time President of the Board of Indian Commissioners, has written an open letter to President Grant in reference to the frauds practised on the Indians by Columbus Delano, Secretary of the Interior, and his friend Smith, commissioner of Indian affairs. Mr. Welsh understands thoroughly the subject upon which he writes from his personal experience among the Indians, and particularly the tribes of which Red Cloud and Spotted Tail are the chiefs. We have not room for his entire letter, but give its conclusion, which, as will be seen, is sharp, direct and easily understood:

"Every suggestion I ever made to you was promptly responded to, *save only the investigation of frauds allowed by your appointees.* Even this lamentable trait I believe springs from a distorted virtue. Your protection of General Parker when he was convicted of misfeasance, or malfeasance, as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and of those who now control that office, seems wholly unaccountable, except on the hypothesis that love in you is blind. It may seem strange to others that I should have written this open letter, but necessity was laid upon me to write, and I could not, with proper self-respect, address you in any other way, as you have in every instance closed your mind to evidence that must have convinced any other man."

GOVERNOR TILDEN, of New York, has been waging and still continues to wage a stern and unrelenting war against the plundering and corrupt canal ring of that State, composed of Democrats as well as Republicans, and which for years past has robbed the treasury of hundreds of thousands of dollars. At his suggestion, the Legislature at its last session conferred upon him the power to appoint a committee to investigate the alleged frauds, the proof of which he himself furnished, and on the basis of its report to him he has instructed the Attorney General of the State to commence suit against the thieves to recover from them every dollar of their shameless plunder. In this noble work Governor Tilden deserves the endorsement and encouragement not only of the people of New York but of every State in the Union, and his bold and fearless example could be profitably imitated by the Governors of almost all the other States, if they were only blessed with such rulers as Samuel J. Tilden. What a happy thing it would be for the taxpayers of Pennsylvania if they could have in the Executive chair an honest, aggressive and fearless man like Tilden? The Erie convention can give them such a man if it only wills it—a man determined that the people of our State shall have an honest government though the heavens should fall. Governor Tilden has recently been appealing in person to the people for their support in his crusade against fraud and villiany, and at Syracuse, the very home of the canal ring, uttered the following bold and manly sentiments:

"I have frequently been followed by persons asking for their friends and for those in whom they were interested pardons from the prisons and penitentiaries. I have been compelled to look into such cases and see who are the inmates of these institutions and of what they have been accused—to see what it is that constitutes the wrong to society of which they have been convicted. When I have compared their offences in their nature, temptations, and circumstances, with the crimes of great public delinquents who claim to stand among your best society and are confessedly prominent among their fellow citizens—crimes repeated and continued year after year—I am appalled at the inequality of human justice. The effort to give you redress has been for the last three months derided and scoffed at. We have been told that nothing would come of it; that the people would fail; that their rights would not be maintained; and particularly that these great, rich, and powerful culprits would prevail—would escape the meshes of the law and the punishment of their crimes; that their palaces, built with the moneys drawn from the sweat and toil of our honest, industrious, hard-working citizens, would continue to rise like exhalations and shame public morality and public honor. Fellow citizens, I say to you to night as I said on the 4th of November, 1871, now nearly four years ago, when I took a share in the great contest in New York city, in your cause, I will follow where any will dare to lead, or lead where any shall dare to follow. The cause will not fail. Whoever shall venture to stand against it will fall to rise no more. I have no apprehensions that the law will fail of its efficacy. But I will speak a word of encouragement to those who are unhopeful. You can send, if needful, to the legislative bodies men who will make new and better laws to punish those wrongs and to bring the wrong-doers to justice; and the people, by the exercise of their sovereign authority, may, if need be, in convention assembled, redress all defects and failures of public justice. If our legislative bodies and public officers fall short of their duty, the people can recall the powers they have delegated, and can renovate the administration of justice until those eyes, represented in Roman statuary as blind, will be made to see substantial right and genuine law."

THE Democratic delegate election in Blair county will take place to-morrow and the county convention will be held next Monday. As conferees to nominate a candidate for State Senator, and also to elect a Senatorial delegate from this district to the State convention at Erie, will then be appointed, we have a few words to add to what we said last week on the subject of the Senatorial delegate. In view of the fact that the conferees from this county are instructed to vote for John H. Fiske, it will no doubt strike with surprise every good Democrat in Cambria, as well as in Blair, that we should deem it necessary to agitate the question. But it *is* vitally necessary to the integrity of the Democratic party in this county that we should do so. When a delegate to a State or county convention, or a conferee for any purpose, is instructed for whom he shall vote, and accepts the position, every dictate of honor demands a faithful discharge of the trust confided to him. If he cannot consistently execute it, he ought, as an honorable man, decline on the spot, and thus enable the appointing power to carry out its purpose by selecting another in his place. All this is plain and well understood. Knowing the conferees from this county so long and so well, and entertaining, in common with the Democracy of Cambria, so good an opinion of them, we are, as regards any personal knowledge of our own, far from imputing to them a deliberate intention to deceive and betray their party. The County Committee that appointed them and instructed them spoke and acted for the time being for the entire Democracy, from White township to Adams township, and if their voice in the Erie convention is *not* to be heard through John H. Fiske, their regularly constituted agent, but through another, who is not in sympathy with, but openly and notoriously hostile to them, then the men who bring about that result will, speaking in a political sense, fall like Lucifer, never more to rise.—If the conferees vote for Fiske, they execute their trust with the Democracy of the county in solid column standing at their backs. If they refuse to do so, they simply gratify the wish of *one* man, whose political influence in this county, as they well know is not worth a row of pins. One road leads to sure political salvation, the other to certain political death. We take it for granted that each of the conferees will be present at the meeting of the conference in his own proper person, *and not by a substitute.* They were appointed to discharge a specific duty which does not admit of a *divided* responsibility. And, besides this, they ought to be there *personally* to carry out their instructions and thus convince a confiding Democracy that busy rumor has entirely misinterpreted their intentions. We have now discharged our whole duty to the Democracy of the county in reference to this question, and it only remains for the conferees to do likewise.

The Stern Statesman in Demand.

It is amusing to note the number and character of the invitations written to Jefferson Davis, from the North, to deliver agricultural and other orations, after his acceptance of the Winnebago invitation had been made public. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* prints quite a batch of them: one from Janesville, Wisconsin; one from Des Moines, Iowa; one from Charleston, Illinois; one from Columbus, Indiana, and one from Franklin, Johnson county, in the same State; one from Kansas City and one from Boonville, and another from Charleston, in Missouri. The above were agricultural invitations from the North, if we may regard Missouri as a Northern State, and there was one from Washington county, Maryland, and one from Alexandria, Louisiana. It is said that an invitation from Knox county, Illinois, has been accepted. Pennsylvania also honored the stern statesman with an invitation to deliver an agricultural address. This came from Danville, Montour county, and was written by W. K. Holloway, who spoke for the executive committee of the Agricultural Society of that county, and who said: "Many of our citizens would be glad to hear you." But the letter, elsewhere printed, written in behalf of a "weak Baptist Church" in Lancaster, is, perhaps, the most remarkable, if not the most amusing, of all the invitations extended to the "arch traitor." It would seem that the motive in every case for desiring Davis to speak was to get money. It is quite evident that the agricultural people who invited him believed that he would prove a good drawing card and fill the coffers of their societies, and the monetary motive is confessed in the Lancaster invitation. It is interesting to notice the inducements held out to Mr. Davis. Mr. Kemball, the secretary who invited him to Winnebago, promised him "a grand ovation of forty thousand hearers and a compensation of five hundred dollars." The Janesville people held out out to him a "kindly greeting;" the Des Moines secretary assured Mr. Davis that "the Hon. J. S. Clarkson, editor of the Iowa *State Register*, the leading Republican paper in the State, had suggested the matter;" the Columbus, Indiana, people assured him that his coming "was looked for with unusual interest." But the county from which the most captivating offer was sent raised such a fuss, after Mr. Davis accepted, that he felt it necessary to revoke his decision. Whether he will attend any of the fairs in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin or Pennsylvania, to which he has been invited, remains to be seen. The chances are that Winnebago has disgusted him with the idea of coming North to tell the people what he knows about farming, but he may conclude to accept the Lancaster invitation and make a speech in behalf of the "weak Baptist Church" of that city. Should he do this, it is to be hoped, for the credit of Pennsylvania, that he will be treated with becoming decency, for though Mr. Davis has proved himself unable to build up a political empire, he may be capable of aiding in an important degree in establishing a country church.—*Phila. Times.*

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE BY TWO NEGROES.—A most revolting case was brought to the attention of District Attorney Sheppard on Saturday, and after learning the facts he at once caused warrants to be issued for the arrest of the scoundrels implicated. It appears that a gentleman, a prominent merchant and the head of a well-known firm on Chestnut street, whose name is withheld from publication out of respect for the feelings of himself and family, is the owner of a beautiful suburban residence in the Twenty-fourth ward, West Philadelphia. His two children, a bright lad of 10 and a fair little child, aged 3 years, have been in the habit of rambling at will about the spacious grounds which surround their home, and, as children will, made the acquaintance of neighbors, many of whom are colored persons. With two brothers of this class, James and Elwood Scott, the children became so familiar that last Thursday it did not require a great amount of persuasion on the part of the Scotts to induce the two little ones to accompany them a considerable distance from their home. Then a pistol was drawn, terrorism was used, and the female infant subjected to the most brutal outrage. One of the servants noticing the protracted absence of the children searched for them and finally found them; but though the poor little girl was evidently suffering, she was so terrified by the threats which the brutal negroes had used she was afraid to state what had occurred until she was put in her bed, when her nurse coaxed the horrible story from her. The father was immediately made acquainted with the facts of the disgusting affair, and on his questioning his son he became bitterly convinced of the truth of his little daughter's statement. He speedily informed the police authorities, and on Saturday the little girl made an affidavit in court which resulted in the issuance of warrants for the arrest of the Scott brothers.—*Phila. Times.*

A WOMAN DROWNS HERSELF AND HER THREE CHILDREN.—*Great Excitement at the Funeral.*—Reading, Pa., was the scene of no little excitement the past week, growing out of the drowning and subsequent funeral of a German woman named Bessinger and her three children. It seems from the stories of the people that the woman had lived unhappily with her husband, owing to the introduction by him of another woman into the house, and that this unhappiness resulted in a quarrel on Monday, when the husband ordered his wife to leave the house and take the two girls with her, while he would keep the boy.

The next day she went to the canal with her children, and after filling the basket with stones in which operation the children assisted, she bound the basket securely to her body, and taking the three children in her arms, leaped into the canal and all were drowned. Soon their bodies were recovered and taken to their former home.

The police had to guard the house to save the husband from assault, and at the funeral procession on Saturday, which included about 1,000 people on foot, surrounded his carriage.

When the bodies were lowered into the graves, the people hooted Bessinger and made a rush for him. In the confusion, one shot was fired, when the police hurriedly placed him in a carriage and drove off. On passing the cemetery gates another shot was fired, which, it is thought, wounded him, as he was carried into the house. The police were still on guard on Saturday, and people, including many women, continued their threats.

GOVERNORS will be elected in ten States this Fall.

A Wrong and Its Remedy.

There is something wrong with the business interests and financial affairs of the country. All feel and recognize it. The laboring man devotes as many hours to earnest toil, exercises as much economy, rises as early and labors as late as he formerly did; his wife is as patient, as prudent and as thrifty as she ever was; but debt accumulates, wages decrease, clothing grows poorer, comforts are fewer, and luxuries are totally absent from the much loved home. Too often, alas, distress for rent, the constable's demand and the advertisement of the Sheriff tell of debt, of furniture to be sold, of the home to be taken away. Day by day these evidences of poverty increase in our midst. The businessman, too—the energetic, active, scheming man whose cash capitol is supplemented by a good business education, an active brain and a ready hand—he too, finds every venture a loss, every effort clogged with difficulty. The energy that is vital to his own success is repressed by ever increasing debt, and the industrial interests of the country, always dependent upon the productive force and inventive thrift of this class of its citizens, grow rapidly less remunerative and less able to bear the burdens of oppressive taxation. Dismantled factories, blown out furnaces, idle mills, foundries and workshops, abandoned mines, cheap oil, unsold iron, coal and lumber, and discharged and starving artisans, tell us, in emphatic tones, that something is the matter. What is it, then? It is to be found in the exorbitant return that capital demands for its use. Its cause is to be sought in a system of finance that enables wealth, in the form of corporate monopoly, to oppress the business man, and through him the laborer or artisan he employs.—Whilst agriculture finds a scanty return of less than four per cent., and but too often is unable to meet the demands of the tax gatherer—whilst the wages of the laborer are reduced and his comforts lessened—whilst the mechanic, miner, manufacturer, merchant, lumberman and all others engaged in productive industry, find themselves growing gradually poorer, and protested notes or the summons of the Sheriff crowd close upon them—the capitalist, almost entirely exempted from taxation, sits in indolent ease, and gathers an income of from ten to eighteen per cent. upon his investment.

What is wrong? It is our system of finance. What is the matter? It is the large return that corporate capital exacts for its use.

The stockholder in the carrying corporation compels his managing director to sacrifice everything else to a large dividend.—He is not content that business men shall live and prosper if it curtails his dividends or lessens his income. The betterments of his road must be kept up, branches must be projected and built, and palatial offices and depots erected, and thus the value of his investment annually increased. Some one must pay for all these, and yield to him his annual dividend. The burden of all of these, and of the taxation from which he is exempt, is placed upon the business man who is compelled to use the road to transport his products. The creature without a soul, known as a corporation, through its ever-active agents, learns the price of a commodity at the point of delivery, ascertains the net cost of production at the place of shipment, and fixes the charge for transportation at the highest rate consistent with a sickly existence of the business. The only point considered is, How much freight will it bear? The only interest consulted is that of the stockholder. The profits of the business man, the development of the State, the security of the consumer, are all sacrificed to the rapacious demand for large dividends. The transporting corporation absorbs all the profits; their policy leaves no margin for competition in the trade; it prevents the employer from increasing the wages of labor, and drives into bankruptcy hundreds of men whose energy, activity and soul have been and still ought to be potent agencies in the employment and prosperity of thousands of sturdy workmen.

Nor is this all; the small margin left by the carrying companies to the producer and his employes is also subjected to the insatiate demands of wealth in the form of banking capital, and here again everything is sacrificed to the necessity for large dividends, and aggregated wealth through the forms of banking monopoly takes from production and from labor unjust reward. Not content that the Government shall pay them six dollars in gold annually for the privilege it gives them to go back to the people and discount their paper at lawful rates; not content with the total exemption of their wealth from taxation; not content that courts and juries, schools, streets, roads and police are maintained for their protection by the producer and the laborer, they, too, break down the business man and oppress the laborer to earn large dividends and increase their surplus.

If the exactions of wealth in other forms compel the borrowing of money on accomodation paper, or the necessities of business require a discount, it is only given when the margin at bank is equal to the sum drawn out and the legal rate of interest is doubled by the process, or the note is made payable at a distance, and exchange is charged to swell the rate, or a bold violation of the statute is committed at the counter by an increase of rate, or the customer is sent to a private office where the funds of the bank are used secretly to do that which it fears to do openly. The result is the same however it may be reached; a large sum is added to the surplus fund, the stockholder pockets ten to eighteen per cent. dividend annually, the business life of the producer grows shorter and the wages of his men continually shrink.

Is it strange that business languishes, building ceases and our industries die out under the operation of such a system as this?

It is a peculiarity of this system of finance that the value of every other commodity in which the fortunes of men are invested, day by day grows less, whilst that of this form of wealth grows greater in precisely the same ratio in which other articles depreciate. As we tend towards the only safe basis—specie payments—lands, houses, merchandise, ships, iron, coal, oil and lumber shrink in value, but the value of aggregated wealth in the form of corporate monopoly constantly increases. Whilst it is conceded that this is inevitable, and that the faith of the people must be preserved by payment of the public debt, is it not a cogent argument for a change in the system through which can come such wrongs as we have herein feebly portrayed. The legislation of the country for fifteen years has been moulded by capital, always against the producer and the laborer, and always in the interest of aggregated wealth.

The time has come to change this. Incorporated capital must accept its just share of taxation. It must be content with smaller dividends. It must cease to oppress labor and business by its exactions. It must live and let live. The course of legislation of the country must be changed by the representatives of the people.—They must cease making laws solely in the interest of wealth, and they must guard and respect the interests of the producer and the laborer.

The "hard times" which oppress us are the legitimate result of the system of finance which has been created and is being perpetuated by the party in power. The only remedy is the remedy of change.

CARDINAL M'CLOSKEY is in Paris.

A Long-Lost Brother.

THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURE OF A SOLDIER LEFT FOR DEAD ON THE FIELD OF ANTIETAM.

One of our semi-occasional reporters, led by business to Omaha yesterday, met with a strange and singular experience, which, though not beyond the range of probabilities, has a certain fascination on account of its novelty. Passing up Douglass street he met a man about 35 years of age, on crutches, and dressed in the army blue of the United States service. At a glance the reporter imagined he recognized the party, but was, however, uncertain about it, and he looked back until the invalid, whoever he was, turned the corner. Still haunted with the face, he retraced his steps, turned the corner and quickened his pace, and saw the stranger some distance ahead of him. No time was lost in overtaking him, when he laid his hand on his shoulder and requested him to stop a moment. The stranger did as requested, and half faced to the person addressing him. This gave our reporter nearly a full view, and he at once recognized in his face the features of a brother who had been missing since the battle of Antietam, in September, 1862, nearly thirteen years ago. The effect of such a meeting, in such a place and under such circumstances, after so long a separation, can be imagined more easily than it can be described. The wounded soldier, as he proved to be, and his brother adjourned to an adjoining restaurant, where he rehearsed his wanderings and mishaps in the interim. We give the combined story, and vouch for its truthfulness. Andrew, we will call him, was, at the outbreak of the war, a well to do tenant farmer, and upon the organization of the Pennsylvania Reserves, under General McCall, became a member of the First Pennsylvania Rifles, under Colonel Thomas L. Kane, after whom the original town of Council Bluffs was called. He served throughout the whole of the early bloody campaigns of that gallant corps without a scratch, and just before the battle of Antietam his brother, our reporter, became a member of the same company. The two went into action together, and while on the turnpike which runs by the little Dunker church, on that memorable battle-field, a Georgia brigade drove them from their position, and, in falling back, Andrew fell by the side of his brother, with a shot just below the pit of the stomach. The last heard was an exclamation, "My God, my wife!" The retreat was then hastened, and so dead did he seem to be that he was counted among those who had given up their lives for the cause. Several days Andrew lay on the neutral ground between the hostile lines, and, being only wounded, was entirely missed by those afterward in search of the dead and wounded, he having hid himself among some bushes, where he was found afterward by an old farmer, to whose house he was removed, near Sharpsburg. Here he remained for quite a while, and was beginning to convalesce, when J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry made its famous raid into Chambersburg, in the fall of 1862. In their retreat within the Confederate lines a detachment of Stuart's cavalry captured him and took him south of the Potomac river, and thence he was sent to Libby, and from Libby to Macon, Georgia. At the latter place he made his escape after having been twice shot in the arm by the guard, and when on his way to the Federal lines, under the guidance of negroes, he was recaptured by militia. Losing courage and hope he took the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government, was sent south to Texas, under Dick Taylor, in whose command he remained, ever seeking an opportunity to escape by desertion. Being a Southern man by birth, he had no difficulty in feigning assimilation with the troops of the Confederacy, but still in that remote region the prospect of escape was feeble. The portion of Taylor's command to which he belonged was driven across the Rio Grande into Mexico, and in a short time he fell under the power of the republican barbarian, Cortina, who raided upon friend and foe alike. Some border Indian tribes had possession of some of Cortina's most valuable auxiliaries. To ransom these a large number of cattle were required, in addition to a stipulation for an exchange of captives. Andrew was selected as a victim of this nefarious bargain, and was compelled to accompany on foot the well-mounted savages in the gloomy retreats in the dismal and almost impenetrable fastnesses of the Cordilleras. Nothing can fully and adequately picture the horrors and anguish of that trip. Once hidden away in the canons that formed the hiding place of his new and savage masters, all hope died within him, and for weeks he was the victim of a brain fever, which came very near being his last. When the savages in whose power he was left on one of their raids they left sufficient strength to insure the safety of their village and guard against surprise. Every attempt at evasion of this vigilance failed, and only added to the horrors of his captivity. For years he was forced to the most disagreeable menial services, and once took revenge, bloody, fearful and swift, upon a savage companion, when beyond the reach of the sounds of the village, by hurling him from a rock into a canon, through which dashed an angry river. The Indian's gun went to the bottom along with the body of his victim, but he was encoiled by a vigilance too swift to permit him to profit by his daring. Three months ago he made a final attempt to escape, and got again to the open country, where he almost perished of want, and not without receiving other wounds from the arrows of his pursuers. He again fell into the clutches of Cortina's band, who in turn were captured, as the newspapers have already announced, by the Mexican authorities. Andrew was at once released, his Indian garb exchanged for a new suit of army blue, and furnished with transportation North. He was about to start East yesterday when he met his brother. The two, however, concluded to remain until to-day, when they will go to the old home. Andrew's wife died of grief, and his two children followed soon after their mother. Hardship, privations and suffering had made him a prematurely old man, and his hair is as white as that of one of sixty years of age. An affectionate old mother awaits his return and the lost is again found.—*Council Bluffs Nonpariel.*

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.—The Lancaster *Examiner* says: Yesterday while a raft belonging to Mr. Weaver at Marietta, was passing down the Susquehanna river, just at the Conewago Falls, above Collins Station, it was beset by a school of black bass numbering probably two hundred, all of which leaped up out of the water and on to the raft. The raftsmen tried to secure the fish and succeeded in getting about twenty-one of them, which weighed in the average from three-quarters to two and a half pounds.

Judge Linhart is our authority for this item, and he also informed our reporter that several boys who were lifting out lines, a day or two ago, in the Susquehanna river, were astonished somewhat when five black bass leaped into their boat. These species of the finny tribe seem to have a remarkable propensity for jumping, and incidents where black bass are secured by their leaping into boats and other objects are not at all rare, but it is seldom we are called upon to itemize the fact of two hundred making the leap all at once.

CHARLESTON, S. C., has a white mocking bird.

News and Political Items.

—The Lancaster county tobacco crop is of superior quality and promises an unprecedented yield in quantity.

—Two men, jailed for rape in Pensacola, Fla., were taken out and lynched on Saturday morning before daylight.

—The difference just now between fishes and girls is that the fishes are fin-backed and the girls are pinned-back.

—The Allegheny delegates to the Erie convention have resolved to vote solidly for Hon. James P. Barr for the gubernatorial nomination.

—The Adams Express Company employs 8,000 men, 1,900 horses, and 1,200 railway cars, and their special mesengers travel over 100,000 miles a day.

—By an ingenious machine, and at the cost of eight shillings a ton, the English farmer will hereafter be enabled to make hay when the sun doesn't shine.

—The sword of Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the Revolution, is now in the possession of William Jones, of Armstrong county, in this State.

—The court of Washington county has fined several of the township auditors $50 for not publishing a report of the receipts and expenditures of the township.

—A drunken man slid head first into a flue of a church at Pittsfield, and two carpenters destroyed a hundred dollars' worth of the building in getting him out.

—A girl in Portland, Me., terrified by the threat of a habitually brutal mother to whip her, ran and jumped out of a second-story window, receiving fatal injuries.

—A robin's nest recently taken from a tree at Andover, Mass., contained among other articles, a lady's collar, with cambric centre and lace edging, and several yards of lace.

—Kentucky boasts of a cornstalk bearing fifty ears of corn and an immense amount of silk. The middle ear is full sized, and the other forty-nine grow in ranks about it.

—The boiler in J. Painter & Sons' iron mills, at Pittsburgh, exploded on Monday. The engineer, George Brynoa, was seriously scalded, and a fireman named Fisher fatally injured.

—John Dietrich Rorth, aged 71, hung himself in his bedroom at Pittsburgh on last Friday night. His feet touched the floor, but he had no further use for them. He was melancholy.

—A shocking case of "baby farming" has been brought to light in Rochester, N. Y. A woman admits that three out of four babies brought to her for board have died within five weeks.

—There is a child in the Protestant Hospital at Ottawa, Can., that is three weeks old and nine inches long, and weighs only three pounds. Its face is covered with a long growth of dark hair.

—To give an idea of the magnitude of the Centennial buildings it is stated that Machinery Hall alone will be large enough to hold all the church buildings of Philadelphia—some 500 in number.

—This time it is a Philadelphia servant-girl, and she has inherited $60,000. This thing ought really to be stopped, or it won't be long before the servant girls will have inherited all the money in the country.

—A man worth $50,000 was received in the Trenton State Prison last week, to serve a six months' sentence for forgery. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and donned the sombre attire most reluctantly.

—The American riflemen were formally welcomed home by Mayor Wickham, of New York, on Monday, who, in a neat speech, congratulated them on their successful competition with Irish and British marksmen.

—Rev. D. A. Beckley, late of the *Republican*, and postmaster at Bloomsburg, Columbia county, has instituted a suit for libel against Dr. William H. Bradley, editor of the *Montour American*, and lays damages at $20,000!

—Among the assets of Duncan, Sherman & Co., are some hundreds of shares in the Yuba Dam Canal. From the frequency with which the canal has been named to the bankrupts, one might think they had shares in nothing else.

—A thirteen-year-old son of Dennis Powers, at Eau Claire, Wis., stole a pocket-book containing $245. The father returned the money to the owner, and then, overcome with shame because his boy was a thief, killed himself.

—An unsolicited order for 20,000 kegs of nails was recently received at Pittsburg, from South America, and it is held up as a strong intimation for American manufacturers to seek for new markets in Mexico, Central and South America.

—Several of the negroes connected with a recent insurrection in Georgia have made confessions. All white men and ugly white women were to be killed; pretty white women were to be spared, and land and spoils were to be divided among the negroes.

—A musket which Aaron Burr captured while serving under Benedict Arnold at the attempted storming of Quebec on the night of December 31, 1775, is on exhibition in Owego. The gun is of the Queen Anne pattern, and weighs twenty-seven pounds.

—Richard A Denman, a farmer living near Piqua, O., has a natural curiosity—a pig born with one head and eight legs. Two pigs are joined together from the neck to the center of the abdomen, and are separate and perfect, with the exception of one head.

—There is at present resident in Dublin a great niece of the poet Goldsmith, a very aged woman (she is now eighty-five years old), suffering from ill-health and extreme poverty, her whole maintenance being a weekly allowance of four shillings from a charitable fund.

—The respondent in a famous divorce case a few years ago, a clergyman, is now driving a cab in London, and among those following the same business is a former governor of the Bank of England, an ex-member of Parliament, and a late fellow of a Cambridge College.

—In a case about the right of way over a piece of land, tried in one of the New Brunswick (Can.) courts a few days ago, the plaintiff got a verdict of one dollar, which was estimated as the value of the land, while the costs of the suit amounted to fifteen hundred dollars.

—When Andrew Johnson was Governor of Tennessee, an ex-blacksmith was Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Governor with his own hands made a vest for the Chief-Justice, while the Chief-Justice went to a forge and made a shovel and tongs to present to the Governor.

—Last week a negro base ball club at Decatur, Ill., defeated the white club so terribly that the proud Caucasians, declaring civilization to be a failure, disbanded. And now thousands of base ball afflicted towns are sending Macedonian cries to the Uniques of Decatur to come over and eliminate their clubs.

—A queer bird has been shot in Lebanon county. It resembles a chicken-hawk, with a white head and blue and white spotted back. The wings are black outside and white inside; its tail is shaped like that of a swallow. It measures two feet from head to tail, and four feet from tip to tip of wings.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Gavriel, of Allentown, on their way to Hudson City, N. Y., where they intend to reside hereafter, appeared in Bethlehem the other day with three sons, who are triplets, aged 7 years, in good health and strikingly resembling each other. These parents ought not to have been permitted to leave this State.

—A clergyman at Pitts[illegible] elined to marry a couple b[illegible] couldn't repeat the Lord's

—Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D. Bloomington, Ind., and f[illegible] years president of the In[illegible] versity, died on Monday, o[illegible] Dr. Nutt was one of the educators in this country [illegible] held a position in the front [illegible] and writers of the Meth[illegible] Church.

—A hunter named Bringh[illegible] near Melrose, Minn., was take[illegible] bly a month since, while in a lone[illegible] into which he had locked himself [illegible] with his two dogs. Whether he [illegible] or the animals, maddened by [illegible] killed him, cannot be determ[illegible] when his body was found last [illegible] little more than the skeleton r[illegible]

—Senor P. C. Armijo, the m[illegible] lionaire of New Mexico, sold [illegible] pounds of wool last year. [illegible] and a business partner he ow[illegible] 000,000 head of sheep, s[illegible] range of country more [illegible] square. He has had ran[illegible] raids, one of 35,000 head a[illegible] 15,000. "But," he says, "I [illegible] them."

—There is an elopement [illegible] Northville, N. Y. The [illegible] made on Friday that a you[illegible] with the family of Mr. He[illegible] gone away together on the [illegible] In this case, however, [illegible] len, the woman is black [illegible] white. They were servants [illegible] and both under sixteen years [illegible] Perry has been looking for [illegible] since, but thus far without [illegible]

—Rev. Father Beaky, a [illegible] lately arrived in Paris from T[illegible] he made conversation under pe[illegible] stances. He was conformed, [illegible] tered, and his legs and arms [illegible] inched to four inches of the [illegible] Abbe is said to be a very [illegible] and his limbs must be quite [illegible] or the horses employed were [illegible] weak, for he received an [illegible] persecutions, we are told, [illegible] atio[illegible] and embraced the martyr[illegible] ity.

—Elopement runs in the [illegible] of Texas County, Mo. Sallie [illegible] away some years ago with her [illegible] law, Aaron Davis; he, however, [illegible] to his wife and she married a [illegible] who eloped and left her. Ta[illegible] her cousin, Barkhal, ran away [illegible] Winland, both parties leaving [illegible] Last month Aaron Davis's son, [illegible] boy of nineteen, ran away with [illegible] sister, a woman of thirty, and [illegible] matters his father has again [illegible] his sister-in-law, Sallie.

—The Colorado [illegible] followed up by a disastrous [illegible] which in some localities has [illegible] jured the corn crop. The [illegible] pears to have reached Pennsy[illegible] with mitigated rigor as it appro[illegible] Atlantic coast. The [illegible] a year of surprises. It had a [illegible] spicious beginning, followed [illegible] heats and drouth, [illegible] then [illegible] deluging storms [illegible] swept over two-thirds [illegible] been annually desolated [illegible] perty.

—Last Saturday, [illegible] a crazy woman who lodged [illegible] day her mother, Mrs. [illegible] and a business partner he ow[illegible] 000,000 head of sheep, s[illegible] range of country more [illegible] square. He has had ran[illegible] raids, one of 35,000 head a[illegible] 15,000. "But," he says, "I [illegible] them."

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—Last Saturday, [illegible] a crazy woman who lodged [illegible] day her mother, Mrs. [illegible] Saline county for the purpose [illegible] her release, claiming that [illegible] able to take care of [illegible] her at home. [illegible] story regarding her [illegible] had but one child left [illegible] six, one having been [illegible] second being killed by a fall [illegible] third shot and two [illegible] deaths. Her remaining child, [illegible] helpless and insane, still [illegible] love and care.

—Albert MacDonald, [illegible] ing in Greenville N. Y., went [illegible] afternoon to Newark Bay to [illegible] vocation. After working [illegible] his tongs struck some heavy [illegible] which, on being lifted into the [illegible] out to be the body of a young [illegible] perfect state of petrifaction, [illegible] ception of one arm, which may [illegible] broken off by coming in contact [illegible] tongs. The front part of the [illegible] natural, but the back is [illegible] and the mass has the [illegible] Crowds of people have been [illegible] body, which MacDonald [illegible] to the Hudson County Medical [illegible]

—While in New Castle [illegible] Pittsburgh *Gazette* represented [illegible] curiosity in the shape of a [illegible] the face of which was not [illegible] nickle penny. It is furnished [illegible] dulum which wags regularly, [illegible] clock, we are assured, [illegible] time. The strange part of the [illegible] that the clock is worn as a [illegible] nament by the owner and [illegible] Theodore Rohr. It is [illegible] by a pin, and while the [illegible] lates the hour hands, the [illegible] the clock up. This is probably [illegible] est piece of clock-work in the [illegible] Mr. Rohr designs taking it to the [illegible] nial exhibition.

—Extraordinary christening [illegible] lately at the new settlement [illegible] (Ind.) Station, on the Baltimore [illegible] railroad. Two children, the first [illegible] that place, were made little [illegible] after a very elaborate fashion. [illegible] and people attended. There was a [illegible] light procession, silver cups were [illegible] to the happy mothers, silver spoons [illegible] presented to the babies. There [illegible] speech by Mr. James Cowen of [illegible] and there was a dance by everybody [illegible] the babies. One of them was named [illegible] diana Garrett Quigley; the other [illegible] Garrett Reinhold. Conductors, [illegible] brakemen, and other railway [illegible] aries attended in great numbers; [illegible

E CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

...PAY. - - AUG. 27, 1875.

...the County Convention.

...the voters of the several ... and Townships of Cam... requested to meet at their ... holding the general elections, ... Saturday, Sept. 18th, 1875, ... Vote and elect two delegates ... to act in the County Convention ... to be held in the Court House, in Eb... on ... Monday, September 20th, ... o'clock, P. M., to nominate a County ...

The polls will be kept open until 7 o'clock, ... Saturday.

J. G. LAKE,
Chairman Dem. Co. Com.

COAL AND PERSONAL.

...Here, and the Other Place.

...the swallows fly from their ...

...indulged in a car load of ... on Tuesday.

...but two exceptions, Mr. Henry's ... was the largest ever seen in Cambria. ... flower was crushed to death in ... last week, by being ... between two cars.

... are selling in Sharon, Pa., at ... cents per bushel. We would ... Sharon those terms.

... tell us that Hollidaysburg is ... railroad depot, but the people ... don't seem to know anything ...

... papers report the funeral ... Henry as having been two ... which is about one mile and ... that was apparent to any one ...

... Sanders, of Cambria town... a crop of peas on the 15th of ... as the result of their labor ... nine fifty two hundred weight of ...

... borough man named Smith ... the last amputated at Altoona ... returning home from a trip to ... to hear a train of cars ...

... F. Fairhill, President of the ... establishment, will preach ... Congregational church of this ... Sabbath morning and evening.

... girl named Shoma, whose par... Chicago, fell from a tree on ... a visit to her grand... Millville borough, and fractured ... arm.

... and a set of chairs and ... recently raffled for the benefit ... Stitzel, of Hemlock, were ... by John Earp, of Summitville, and ... Bunt, of Plane No. 3.

... the man who was mur... in Altoona on Tuesday of ... recovered, if not fully recovered ... and has once more resum... his assailant, is still in ...

... peddling vender named Levi ..., whose home is in Altoona, ... at Falls City, Fayette ... night last, and was killed ... remains were interred at ...

... Union *Era* has been presented ... thirty-nine inches in circum... We believe it is not intended that ... should take the place of the other ... the editorial department ...

... named Mosey was struck ... at Hemlock while walk... on Thursday night of last ... killed instantly. He was ... feet into a ditch and his ... in.

... District Court, at its ar... on Tuesday last, granted ... to Mrs. Bessie Burtnett from ... James W. Burtnett, Mrs. Mary ... from her husband, Wm. Mar... George Heiser from his wife, An...

... Nickerson's house, in Loyalhan... Westmoreland county, was ... to-fire on Monday night last, and ... totally burned, the rest of the ... escaping with their lives. Noth... was saved enough to cover their ...

... sheep on the farm of Mr. ... in Westmoreland county, ... gentlemen and Messrs. Wm. ... F. Sadler are the owners, ... years old and have attained ... weight of 2,600 pounds each. They ... for the Centennial.

... Lemmon & Murray have a fine ... of books, embracing historical ... and books, which they are ... at first cost, and that ... cheap. Persons wishing to add ... libraries or to indulge in the perusal ... choice literature, will never have a ... than now.

... Buckley, a bright and intelli... of twelve years, whose parents ... C. I. Co.'s rolling mill, Johns... was terribly burned by an explo... of oil with which he was at... to kindle a fire in the stove on Sat... morning last, that he died in terrible ... that evening.

... Devlin, an interesting lit... girl fourteen years, of a widow ... in Cambria borough, attempt... to board a standing freight train ... last, but ere she reached the oth... train started and she was caught ... in such a shocking manner that ... died in three hours after.

... the farm of Wm. Steel, three miles ... Ebensburg, a boy crawled under ... the other day to adjust a mis... rake. The horse attached to the ma... started and one of the prongs entered ... of the boy, tearing up the flesh ... the lungs, inflicting a very ... and perhaps fatal injury.

... time of his death, Mr. Henry held ... policy on his life for $10,000 in ... company, one for $5,000 in the ... Philadelphia, and still another ... in the Metropolitan, New York, ... the two accident tickets for $3,... found upon his person, brings the ... total upon his life up to $23,000.

—It occurred in the early part of the snake season, and that you know was some time ago, but Mr. Albert Bosler, of Carroll twp., avers that it is none the less true that he killed a blacksnake, which measured ten feet, seven inches. The same gentleman lays claim to the shooting in the same locality, some seven years ago, of a reptile of like species which measured fully twelve feet.

—An infant daughter, aged 16 months, of Mr. Noel, residing in Woodvale borough, was terribly burned on Wednesday morning last, by fire communicated, it is supposed, from a burning stick in the hands of a four years' old sister who was left in charge of the infant during the temporary absence of the mother, and it is thought that the little sufferer cannot survive.

—The champion baby of Blair county is a three months old son of Mr. Geo. Leibeck, residing near Altoona. The youthful giant weighs twenty pounds, twelve of which he brought into the world with him, and is two feet two inches high. Such an infant can afford to Leibeck and laugh at anything in the shape of baby boys or girls either that can be trotted out in that vicinity.

—J. B. Harnden, a Pa. R. R. police officer at Altoona, yesterday brought to this place and delivered to Sheriff Baumer two young men named David and Jasper Bailey, whom he arrested near Bell's Mills, Blair county. They are charged with having been concerned in robbing the cars at Cresson last fall. They had the pleasure, or the pain, as the case may be, of meeting several of their confederates in their new quarters.

—A young man named Wallace Nesbit was struck by lightning and instantly killed on the farm of his uncle, John Irving, near Blairsville, on Friday afternoon last. He was walking through a field at the time with a pitchfork on his shoulder, and the lightning, after first striking the pitchfork, passed down his person, leaving its impress on his clothing and tearing his boots into shreds.

—Our friend Gilbert F. Little, Esq., a young Cambrian now practising law at Columbus, Ind., has in his possession an autograph letter written at Autiel, France, by no less a personage that General Marquis de Lafayette. The letter is directed to "Monsier McHenry, Hotel de Boston, Paris," and bears date Jan. 7, 1808. A little coaxing, we have little doubt, would induce Mr. Little to send this little souvenir to the centennial.

—Henry Husfield of Altoona was arrested and after a hearing on Tuesday last before U. S. Commissioner Rutledge, at Johnstown, on a charge of manufacturing leaf tobacco without making the proper returns, etc., was held in $1,000 bail for his appearance before the the U. S. District Court at Pittsburgh, in October next, to answer. His establishment, containing about 20,000 cigars and 200 pounds of leaf tobacco, was also seized.

—A farmer in this county is credited with a new departure in the way of wheat growing, which he has just harvested with the most satisfactory results. He planted at the proper time a half teacupful of wheat in hills about eight inches apart, putting three grains in each hill. From each of these hills an average of fifty-four stalks grew to perfection, the heading on each stalk ranging from five to eight inches, and the entire lot producing a full peck of excellent wheat.

—Joseph Stahl, an Altoona lad aged about sixteen years, got on a coal-dump in that city, on Thursday evening of last week, for the purpose of riding a short distance up the mountain, but the train had gone but a short distance when the trap used for unloading the car, and upon which he was standing at the time, gave way and he was precipitated to the track, the cars passing over him, severing his head from his body and otherwise mangling him in a horrible manner.

—Mr. John Beecher, boss carder in the woolen mill at Woodvale, near Johnstown, had his right arm torn from the socket, on Wednesday forenoon, about half-past 10 o'clock, by having his fingers caught and his arm drawn in between the cylinder of a burr picker and a fan underneath. The unfortunate man lost a great deal of blood and suffered terribly before medical aid reached him, but is now doing as well as could be expected, and in view of his great physical strength strong hopes are entertained for his ultimate recovery.

—Mr. Peter McTamany, of Louisville, Ky., one of the most thorough gentlemen and reliable railroad engineers Cambria county ever had the honor of producing, is at present on a visit with his family to the scenes of his childhood days at Lilly's Station, from whence he took occasion to run up yesterday and look in on his friends hereaway. Welcome indeed and truly worthy of generous greetings are such true men as our friend Peter, whom we are glad to know is prospering abundantly in his "Old Kentucky Home." Be it ever thus with him and his.

—Were it not that some things are as likely to be forgotten as others, it would seem almost superfluous for us to call attention to the fact that Mr. James Wilkinson, of Loretto, who by the way stands unrivalled for the superiority of his work, is still prepared to turn out monuments, tombstones, and all other work in that line, on the shortest possible notice and at rates which no manufacturer in city or country can excel for cheapness. He has three magnificent monuments now approaching completion which cannot fail to add to his fame as a mechanic and elicit high praise from all who see them.

—Mr. Henry Campbell, of Carroll township, comes once more to the front with a very rare natural curiosity in the shape of Siamese eggs, joined together at the butt ends by a pliable ligature, and although not fully developed as to shell, are almost perfect as to size and shape. The twin eggs seem to have been produced while the hen was perched upon her roost, and for that reason one of them suffered considerably by the fall; still there is enough left to indicate the connection between the sound and broken one and to show a formation altogether unprecedented so far as our knowledge of egg fruit extends.

—Mr. Joseph W. Pringle, of Croyle township, like our townsman, Mr. J. D. Parrish, has determined to pick his flint and fire again on the County Commissioner question, and hence, with the approval of many friends, will permit his name to go before the coming Democratic county convention. No one who knows Mr. Pringle doubts his personal and political integrity, or for a moment questions his ability to perform the duties of the office of County Commissioner, and therefore it is that he has a right to expect, what we are sure he will receive, fair and impartial treatment from the representatives of the party in county convention assembled.

THE INQUEST INTO THE MANNER OF MR. HENRY'S DEATH.—On Tuesday afternoon last the coroner's inquest, empannelled to inquire into the facts connected with the shocking death of Hon. Samuel Henry, concluded its labors at the office of Coroner John Brady, in Johnstown. On the day of the accident the jury in the case, consisting of Messrs. E. Custer, D. H. Hopkins, Thos. McCabe, J. C. Rifiel, David Humphreys and James Roberts, were chosen and convened at East Conemaugh, whence the remains had been removed, and where Messrs. W. J. Crum and Wm. Chappy, freight brakeman and conductor—the gentleman who first discovered the body—were examined and gave their testimony to the effect that the body had been found between the two main tracks opposite the middle switches, on the Woodvale side, about 5 o'clock in the morning, with marks of violence on the head and hands, the head lying to the west, the body cold, but not stiff, and the clothes torn about the shoulder and at the knees.—All else that is known in regard to the unfortunate affair can be gleaned from the following testimony elicited at the second session of the inquest, held, as stated, on Tuesday afternoon:

D. P. Harr, sworn: Live in Latrobe, Westmoreland county; am a passenger conductor on the Pa. R. R.; run Philadelphia Express east and Pittsburg Express west; on the morning of the 19th of August I ran the Pittsburg Express; left Altoona at 21 minutes after 3 o'clock, A.M.; saw Mr. Henry that morning; saw him first after leaving Altoona; he was pulling on his boots; conductor of sleeping car notified me there was one passenger for Cresson, one for Johnstown, and one for Blairsville Intersection; he notified me that Mr. Henry was the one for Johnstown; I saw and spoke to him, and as I knew that he had a pass I did not ask to see it; it was an annual pass; he told me he would go on to Johnstown, as it was early in the morning and he did not wish to lie around Cresson so long; stopped at Gallitzin, on an order to get Mr. Ehrenfeld on, and Mr. Henry got out there, stepping down on the track; just as we started he got into the sleeping-car again, and remained there till we came to Cresson; at Cresson he got out and came forward to the baggage car where the baggage was being taken out; train started, he getting on front end of the rear passenger car and walking back into the sleeping car; along about Lilly's he came through forward to the second passenger car, where I was sitting, and went on into the smoking car, after giving me a slight tap on the back; I followed him; he lit a cigar, and we were in conversation until we got to Wilmore, when I went out to get a gentleman's ticket, and then came back again; then we conversed to a point below Conemaugh near where the cinders are thrown out at the furnace at the bluff; the brakeman then came in and announced that the next station was Johnstown; Mr. Henry then got up, and made the remark that he would go back to the sleeper; he asked me that morning who went east on the Harrisburg Accommodation, and I told him; he appeared as sensible as ever I knew him; I was well acquainted with him; he showed no symptoms whatever of having drank liquor; no person went out of the car with him; he had time enough to get to the sleeper; I took charge of the train at Altoona; have known Mr. Henry for eight or nine years.

Joseph Little, sworn: I live in Philadelphia; am porter of a Pullman Palace sleeping car; have been in that position over a year; was run on the Philadelphia Express east, and Pittsburg Express west; run to Philadelphia going east. Was on the Pittsburg Express on the morning of the 19th of August, 1875. Left Philadelphia the previous evening at 6:40 o'clock. Did not know Mr. Henry by name, but saw him before that morning; the first place I saw him after leaving Philadelphia was sitting in his section, No. 11; this was a few minutes after leaving, and after that he sat in the rear end, on a camp stool, smoking; he remained there until he was nearly done smoking, when the conductor told him it was against the rules to smoke in the vestibule. He then went out on the platform and finished his cigar; it was then just about dusk; there was no one with him up to that time. The next time I saw him was when I made up his berth; his was the third one, and it was between Conemaugh and Johnstown; this was after about 7:45; saw him when he pulled his boots off; did not see him again until we got past Horseshoe Bend, west of Altoona; he came forward to the gentlemen's washstand, but as it was in use then I sent him to the ladies' end to wash; I again saw him at Gallitzin; he got out while we stopped; he then came in and lay down in his berth; just as the whistle sounded for Cresson I called him and he said he would go on to Johnstown; he got up then and stepped down on the platform, and just after the train left Cresson he came into the sleeping car and got a cigar; said something about going into the smoking car, but I don't not remember exactly; this was the last time I saw him; he showed no symptoms of uneasiness. When we passed Conemaugh I was sitting in the front end of the sleeper blacking my boots; did not see anybody on the platform. Did not see him drink anything, and he had not the appearance of having been drinking.

B. S. Kelly, sworn: I live in Saltsburg, Indiana county; my place of business is Philadelphia; am a salesman for Hood, Bonbright & Co.; saw Mr. Henry on the platform in the evening of the 19th of August, 1875; the next place I met him was at Downingtown, where he took a cup of coffee; we came out to the rear end of the sleeper, and he stood on the platform, while I sat down; we staid there one hour or perhaps longer; he talked to me about his financial difficulties with Lloyd, Huff & Co., and also on the topics of the day; he also told me that if he could not make the connection at Cresson he would go on to Johnstown; I next saw him at the west side of East Conemaugh; he was then walking toward the rear end of the rear sleeper; that was the last I saw of him; he showed no uneasiness of mind while I was talking with him, and was as rational as any person could be; I never saw him before the evening of the 18th.

F. Ehrenfeld, sworn: I live at Gallitzin, Cambria county; I am Superintendent Pennsylvania Railroad; on the morning of the 19th of August was at Gallitzin and got on the Pittsburg Express at that place; I was going to Latrobe; met Mr. Henry in the morning; he passed through the car I was in, which was the second coach; think I was three coaches from the front end of that car; first saw him coming from the rear of the car and looking out of the glass in the door; he stood there four or five minutes; this was about Lilly's, he finally went out of the door and remained out until after we left East Conemaugh, when he came in and walked toward the sleeper where I was sitting, and walked back toward the sleeper and I hardly think he had time to get to the sleeper when he came back and walked out at the front door; that was the last I saw of him; my seat was on the north side; there were others in the car at the time; did not see anybody on the platform; no person went out of there except him and the brakeman. The brakeman came into the car before Mr. Henry passed out the last time.

Peter Myers and A. P. Fulton, brakemen on the Pittsburg Express, were also sworn, but as their evidence presented nothing of special importance in addition to what is contained in the above, we have deemed it superfluous to publish their testimony. The jury of inquest, after a brief deliberation, returned a verdict to the effect that Samuel Henry, the deceased, came to his death by being thrown from the platform of the Pittsburg Express, on Thursday morning, Aug. 19th, 1875.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF A NOBLE MAN.—We had time only last week, just as our paper was being put to press, to make a brief announcement of the sudden and tragic death of our much respected townsman, Hon. Samuel Henry, who had been on a visit to Philadelphia, and on Wednesday evening of last week left that city with the evident intention of returning home. Of his subsequent movements full details are furnished by the evidence taken before the coroner's jury, a report of which will be found above, and hence we deem it unnecessary to recapitulate the facts here. Suffice it to say that Mr. Henry concluded to go on to Johnstown and return in the Accommodation, and while passing from one car to another, the train being at that time about midway between Conemaugh and Johnstown, he was undoubtedly thrown from the platform, either by a misstep or by a sudden lurch of the train, and instantly killed. None of the wheels touched his person, but he received a frightful wound on the left side of the head, extending backwards and crushing in the skull, and his right foot and left wrist were dislocated. On his person were found a gold watch, a small sum of money, a sealed envelope containing the combination to unlock the safe of the bank in this place, and two insurance tickets of the Railway Passenger Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., for $3,000 each, on which the word "wife" was written. His body was brought to this place on Thursday afternoon in a special car furaished by the Rail Road Company.

Mr. Henry was born in Antis township, Blair county, in January 1843. He went to Johnstown in 1861 where he was in the employ of the Pa. R. R. Co. In 1863 he enlisted in the 21st Pa. Cavalry, and in 1864 was transferred to the 182d Regiment, of which he subsequently became Second and then First Lieutenant, and finally Adjutant. He was in several battles and always proved himself to be a true and gallant soldier. After the war he resided for a time in Altoona and was employed in the banking house of Wm. M. Lloyd & Co., in that city, but in 1867 removed to this place and assumed the duties of cashier of Lloyd & Co.'s bank here, filling that position until the day of his death. Although a Republican in politics, Mr. H. was elected to the Legislature from this county three times in succession, viz: in 1871, 1872, and 1873. His sudden and melancholy death produced a deep and profound gloom in this community, and indeed throughout the county, as well as in other localities. His funeral, which took place on Sunday afternoon, brought together an immense concourse of people from all parts of the county, four crowded car loads of passengers coming from Johnstown and other points along the road. Taken altogether, it was a most honorable and eloquent tribute to his memory. The Cambria Guards headed the funeral cortege, which formed about 3 o'clock p. m., hosts of persons having previously taken a last look at the honored remains, after which Rev. J. N. Magonigle, pastor of the Presbyterian church in this place, read the 90th psalm and offered up an affecting prayer to the Throne of Grace. A large number of the Masonic fraternity from Johnstown, Altoona and this place, came next in the order of procession, and after them followed the hearse and fifty-three carriages and other vehicles, besides a large delegation on foot, forming altogether a funeral cortege fully one-half mile in length. His remains were interred in Lloyd's cemetery, a short distance east of town in accordance with the impressive funeral ceremonies of the Masonic order. Mr. Henry leaves a wife and five young children to mourn his sad and imparable loss. He was a gentleman in his manners and was gifted with a pleasing and winning address—his impulses were of the most generous and unselfish nature, and it may literally be said of him that he carried his heart in his hand. He had troops of warm and admiring friends who cherished him in life, and now that he is dead will hold his sacred memory ever dear. Peace to his ashes.

COUNTERFEITING IN MISSOURI.—Some eight years ago, Brown Weber and Graham, wholesale druggists in St. Louis, were doing the largest business in the State of Missouri. Among other goods they sold large quantities of Speer's Port Grape Wine, which is pronounced the purest wine in the market. In 1868 one or two members of the firm conceived the idea of getting up a counterfeit of this wine by making a cheap mixture of flavoring ingredients with whiskey and water, and called it wine. With this stuff they filled several thousand bottles, put on a counterfeit label of Speer's wine, and a counterfeit of Mr. Alfred Speer's signature over the cork, and supplied a majority of the retail druggists throughout the country west of the Mississippi River, who purchased it of B. W. & G. as Speer's genuine Port Grape Wine. The trick was not discovered until the consumers returned the stuff to their druggists as not fit for use. Hearing of this in 1869, Mr. Speer at once went from New Jersey to St. Louis, employed detectives, and traced the head-quarters for dealing in this imitation of his wine to the place of Brown, Weber and Graham. He commenced suit for $50,000.00 damages in the United States Court. Such deception on the part of this house caused them to lose their business, and before the trial came off the firm failed, and became worthless. This stuff is now out of existence, having spoiled and burst the bottles, so that none is now to be found in the market. The large yield from the New Jersey vineyards the last few years has enabled Mr. Speer to reduce the price of his wine. His New Jersey Port is far superior to any heretofore put in the market; none of which is bottled until four years old. It is prescribed by physicians as the best and most reliable wine to be had. Most Druggists throughout the country sell Speer's Port Grape Wine.—*Independent.*

HEMLOCK, Aug. 25, 1875.

EDITOR FREEMAN—In your issue of last week you treat the subject of "Senatorial Delegate" in a manner at once so *plain* that "a fool may comprehend it," and so *just* that no one possessed of common sense can fail to approve of it.

I have heard your article on the subject extensively commented upon, and can say without fear of successful contradiction that it is universally endorsed by the Democrats of old Washington.

Let the conferees appointed by the County Committee, at their meeting on the 14th of June, obey their instructions—*without the fail*—and the Democracy of the county will be satisfied. Let them, on the contrary, seize hold of this marvelous termination of the resolution of instruction and the consequences may prove disastrous. Let them also act with discretion and prudence (as I have no doubt they will) in the selection of a candidate for State Senator, and my word for it *that Lemon* will not want another such *squeezing* for the next twenty-one years.

Yours, &c., DEMOCRAT.

IS YOUR LIFE WORTH TEN CENTS?—Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well. Now we say plainly that no person in this world who is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and its effects, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Palpitation of the Heart, Depressed Spirits, Biliousness, &c., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your Druggists, Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, or P. M. Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

—Mrs. Catharine Snare, of Huntingdon, was disturbed about 9 o'clock Friday night last by a noise under her bed, and getting up, lit the gas and proceeded to investigate, when she found a man snugly ensconced under the bed. Without uttering a cry, she hastened at once to the street and gave the alarm, but in the meantime the intruder had gone into another room and hid under another bed. When found he played the role of a drunken man and was left go. The next heard of him he had purchased and swallowed a half ounce of laudanum, but the timely aid of a physician prevented fatal results. He was arrested next day and held for a hearing.

—Messrs. Baxter & Son of this place have concluded to make way with the entire stock of goods they have now on hand, no matter what the sacrifice, as they need room for their fall and winter supplies. Hence it is that they have resolved to sell all they have at less than cost, and they invite every one who wishes to secure better bargains than they ever heard of to bring along the cash and see what they can do for them. This is no catch-penny announcement, but a *bona fide* promise which they pledge their words to make good. [8-20.-tf.]

—The golden oriflame of day was sinking behind the western hills and glorifying the landscapes with its parting rays when the hero of our story bobbed into the popular and extensive clothing emporium of Godfrey Wolf, next door to the post-office, Altoona, and bought himself a full suit of the best made and in style and fit the most perfect wearing apparel that ever graced the human form divine in this latitude, and came forth there from with almost as much money as he had when he entered therein. Go thou, reader, and do likewise.

WE are pleased to recommend to our friends the Biscuit Works of S. S. Marvin & Co., 91 and 93 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa. It is an undisputed *fact* that S. S. Marvin & Co. do manufacture the greatest *variety* of Biscuit, Crackers, and Small Cakes, and that they are of *superior* quality. We advise consumers and dealers to buy only Marvin's Crackers, either direct from their Works in Pittsburgh, *or*, say that they want *only* Marvin's *Crackers* when ordering from their Grocer or Confectioner.

—When Freedom from her mountain height unfurled her standard to the air, her skirts pinned back so very tight, made her appear exceeding spare. But then soon came the happy thought, with which she seemed indeed o'erjoyed, that best of goods can for cash be bought at prices low from Myers & Lloyd. All of which Freedom, or any other man, woman or child, can find to their entire satisfaction by calling on the above firm.

Letter from the West.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Aug. 16, 1875.

MR. EDITOR—An exciting horse race at the Fair Grounds was the big thing in this city on Saturday last. The race, which was the first of the season, was a half mile dash for a purse of $50 and the entrance money, to be awarded to the first and second best respectively. About 3:30 P. M., the horses came upon the track, "Sleepy John," entered by Wm. Knotts, taking the inside, "Lady Tilton" the centre and "Black Tom" the outside. Both of the latter were entered by Wm. McEwen. Each rider of course was determined to win the race, if possible, and as all three horses came up nicely to the score and no jockeying was indulged in, the race was certainly a very fair test of speed. "Lady Tilton," took the lead and held it for the first quarter, when "Sleepy John," although no relation to Beecher, put in his best links and slowly but surely closed in on the "Lady" until the home stretch was nearly reached, when the latter did what would have been much more proper for her namesake—flew from the track and pitched her rider head first to the ground. "Black Tom," having been the "Lady's" constant companion throughout, chose to go with her, thus leaving the track clear to "Sleepy John," who triumphantly dashed past the score, making the half mile run in 57 seconds. (This was a running race, of course.—ED.) Robert Hackney, "Lady Tilton's" rider, was considerably shook up and received an ugly gash under the chin.

The day was Tuesday. He was from Hartsville. He seemed to be tickled. He laughed at everything he saw. He even "smiled a smile" at the women, at the men, at the cars, and at the Brown county wagons. He was also very liberal. He invested his spare stamps in ginger snaps, and peanuts, and soda water, and segars, until everybody cried out, "Hold, enough!" One man spoke out to another and said, "What is he, whence doth he come, and what is the matter with him?" Then a big, burly fellow named Webb Smith, "who sat at the receipt of custom," rose up and cried aloud, "Ye men of Columbus, hearken unto me! This man is not drunken, as ye may suppose, seeing that it is but the third hour of the day. His name it is Scott Higgs, from the city of Hartsville, and he has this day procured a license to marry Miss Amanda Wertz. This and nothing more." And when he had ceased speaking every man returned each unto his own house, and I, my wife and baby and wife departed for Atlantic City, N. J., on Wednesday evening last. Day by Day we see them leaving.

G. F. Little, of the legal firm of Drybread & Little, of this city, will take his departure tomorrow evening for Columbus, Ind., where he will probably remain for two or three months, more or less, if he don't return in the meantime.

As for weather, we have had considerable of that commodity for some time past, but how much longer it will continue is more than I can say.

An invitation has been extended to Jefferson Davis to deliver an address at our coming county fair, and as he has accepted the invite, he may be confidently looked for in this city about the last of September or first of October.

Respectfully, G. F. T.

Dr. Pinneys' Compound Syrup of Buchu is guaranteed to cure Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, painful or suppressed urination so frequent in old age, painful or suppressed menstruation, leucorrhœa or whites, fever, gravel, stricture, bloody discharges, bright's disease, brickdust deposits, dropsy, pain in the back or side, sick headache, pimples, blotches and eruptions on the face, and all diseases of a specific or constitutional nature, regardless of duration, age or sex. Compound Syrup of Buchu is a positive and radical cure. For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-23.-6m.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAUTION.—Having on July 26th, 1875, purchased from WM. YOUNG one dark brown mare, I hereby notify all persons not to interfere with said mare, as I have left her in his possion during my pleasure. JOHN BENDER.
Carrolltown, July 26, 1875. [8-27.-3t.]

The Only Polytechnic Home School. ST. CLEMENT'S HALL, Ellicott City, Md. Five vacancies owing to enlargement. Apply at once.

Pleasant and Profitable Employment. "Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" Such are the exclamations by those who see the large elegant New Chromos produced by the European and American Chromo Publishing Co. They are all perfect Gems of Art. No one can resist the temptation to buy when they see the Chromos, Canvassers, Agents, and ladies and gentlemen out of employment, will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars, send stamp for confidential circular. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 738 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

$50 TO $10,000
Has been invested in Stock Privileges and paid
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TEAS.—The choicest in the world—Importers' prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everwhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for circular to ROB'T WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

NEVER-FAILING
HOWE'S AGUE CURE
Price, $1. Sold by Druggists.
$500 REWARD IF IT FAILS TO CURE.
DR. C. HOWE, SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

SOLDIERS
Disabled by wound, rupture, injury or disease of any kind, however slight, are entitled to pension, and most of those already pensioned to Increase of pension. McNEILL & BIRCH, of Washington, D. C., (one of whom was for years Examiner and Chief of Division in the Pension Office,) being at the seat of Government, have the very best facilities for prosecuting these as well as other Government claims. Information freely given upon address-ing them, enclosing stamp. The best of references given if desired.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY
Terms of Advertising are offered for Newspapers in the State of
PENNSYLVANIA!
Send for list of papers and schedule of rates. Address
Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents,
NO. 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.
REFER TO EDITOR OF THIS PAPER.

TO QUIT BUSINESS!
$10,000
WORTH OF
Fine CLOTHING
Of the LATEST STYLES and BEST QUALITY, for Men and Boys, will be sold without reserve, at
BARKES' CLOTHING STORE
Opposite the Post Office,
JOHNSTOWN, Pa.
Also, HATS and CAPS, together with a large assortment of SHIRTS, DRAWERS, Overalls, Jackets, Bows, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, &c., &c.
Having determined to quit the business, will sell Clothing, and all other goods in the store, CHEAPER THAN THEY HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR FIFTEEN YEARS PAST. Don't forget the place—across the street from the Post Office—and as I am determined to close out, you will get
BARGAINS! Bargains! BARGAINS!
JOHN F. BARNES.
Johnstown, Aug 20, 1875.-2m.

Meyer's Poultry Powder.
Warranted, if used in time, to cure chicken cholera and roupe. With a teaspoonful of this Powder and a fortnight's ordinary attention to the hens and proper feeding, with a moderate supply of dust, grit and eggshell-forming materials, any one may keep Poultry (even in confinement) for any length of time, with both profit and pleasure. Package 25 cts., five for $1.00. Ask your dealer. Sent free upon receipt of price. Address
A. C. MEYER & CO., Baltimore.

NOTICE—All persons are hereby cautioned against negotiating a certain judgment exemption note, dated March 27th, 1875, for $30, payable to Joseph Walker, as I will not pay the same. JACOB WAGNER.
Blacklick Twp., Aug. 20, 1875.-3t.

PAY UP!—All persons indebted to the undersigned are earnestly solicited to call and settle their accounts without delay, as I am greatly in need of money at the present time.
ANN DOUGHERTY.
Ebensburg, Aug. 20, 1875.-3t.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Venl. Expos. Alias Venl. Expos., Pla. Venl. Expos., 2nd Pla. Venl. Expos., Vert Pacias* and *Levari Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 6th day of SEPTEMBER next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of J. E. Holmes, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Barr township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Fred. Snyder, Joseph Kare, Anthony Kipple, and others, containing 25 acres, more or less, about 1 acre of which is cleared, having thereon erected a one story frame house and water mill, now in the occupancy of J. E. Holmes. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of McNish & Butler.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of N. Beha, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Powell George, Pat'k McManamy, Jos. Beha, and others, containing 67 acres, more or less, about 35 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a half story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of N. Beha. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Tobias Ashe.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Catharine Farrell, of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, fronting on Campbell street, and adjoining lands of the heirs of John Campbell, dec'd, on the west, north and east, having thereon erected a two story plank house and a plank stable, now in the company of Robert Campbell. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of R. Scanlan and Chas. Weakland, executors of Conrad Weakland, dec'd.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Catharine Baker, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Weakland, Samuel Weakland, Joseph Yahner, and others, containing two acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Joseph Yahner. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Schmidt & Friday.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of William Miller, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Manion, Thomas Byrne, Jacob Byrne, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, about 20 acres of which are cleared having thereon erected a log house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of Wm. Miller. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Davis, Evans & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John P. Beisel and Charles Heffner, trading as the firm of John P. Beisel & Co., of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Loretto borough Cambria county, fronting on St. Mary's street and extending back 200 feet to an alley on the east, and adjoining lot of Mrs. Margaret Leavy on the south and an alley on the north, having thereon erected a two story frame house, now in the occupancy of John P. Beisel, and a frame stable and a frame building used as a brewery, now in the occupancy of Heffner & Heffner. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Barnheim & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of William Tiley and S. M. Woodcock, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county adjoining other lands of William Tiley, G. M. Read, Jacob Burgoon, F. M. George, and others, contain ng 253 acres, more or less, 20 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of John Hagan, and a coal bank, now in the occupancy of J. W. Curry, excepting from the above land 12 acres and 56 perches of surface sold to David Lemon and 24 acres and 64 perches sold to Mich'l Donahoe and 3 acres and 64 perches sold to Wm. Ryan. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A. J. Fogle, executor of the last will and testament of Alex. H. M'Cormick, deceased.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John J. Krise, M. D., of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John McDermitt, Wm. Little, Louis Carl, and others, containing 180 acres, more or less about 60 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house and a log stable, now in the occupancy of Jacob Brand, and a two story plank house and a log stable, now in the occupancy of ——. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of S. E. Burns.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Daniel Kline, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Chest township, Cambria county adjoining lands of Geo. Deitrich, John Thomas, and others, containing 35 acres, more or less, about 7 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of Daniel Kline. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. Kittell, administrator of Michael Kline.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Michael Barnacle, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the village of St. Augustine, Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lots of Joseph Myers, James McKenzie, and others, having thereon erected a two story frame house (known as the Washington House) and a frame stable, now in the occupancy of Harry Catlett. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Einstein & Bro.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of George W. Burkey & Bro., of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate near Beulah, Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of George Mills, John J. Evans, and others, containing 270 acres, more or less, about 50 acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, a log and part plank barn, blacksmith shop and carpenter shop, now in the occupancy of Joshua Jenkey. *Also*, all the right, title and interest of Geo. W. Burkey & Bro., of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate near Beulah, Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. Kittell, Robert Davis, and others, containing 2 acres, more or less, about 8 acres cleared, having thereon erected a circular saw mill, a two story house, frame stable and blacksmith shop, now in the occupancy of Geo. W. Burkey & Bro. *Also*, all the right, title and interest of Geo. W. Burkey & Bro., of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate near Beulah, Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Edward Owens on the south, Jos. Makin on the east, W. R. Williams on the northeast, and Griffith Lloyd on the west, containing 54 acres more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Dibert & Co.

ALSO, all the right

A MODERN SAMSON.

Thomas, or Tom Gardner, as he was familiary called, was born on the river St. John, one mile above the mouth of the Madawaska stream, in the year 1798. Viewed casually, Gardner gave no evidence of unusual power, but when stripped his muscular development was tremendous, and it is affirmed that instead of the ordinary ribs he possessed a solid bony wall on either side, and that there was no separation whatever. He stood five feet ten and a half inches, erect and full chested, and never exceeded one hundred and ninety pounds in weight.

The late Charles Long informed us that at one time he saw Gardner lift from a towboat a puncheon of corn, containing at least twelve bushels, and swinging around deposit it on the sand. In so doing, he tore the sole off his boot. On another occasion a number of men were trying to lift a stick of timber. In all the crowd only one man could raise it about two inches from the ground. Gardner told four men to sit upon it, and then lifted it so high that the men jumped off to save themselve, from the fall. Mr. McKean has frequently known him in lifting to break boom poles six inches thick. He has known him also with one hand to lift by the rung of a chair, the chair itself and a man weighing nearly two hundred weight. Once in attempting to lift a very heavy man, he wrenched the rung entirely from the chair.

Gardner at one time was possessed of a balky horse with which he exercised great patience; but when patience ceased to be a virtue he would fell him to the ground with his clenched fist, striking him behind the ear. It is related of Gardner's sister that on one occasion a famous wrestler traveled all the way from Miramichi to Tom's home in order to "try a fall with him." Tom was absent, but the sister, looking contemptuously upon the intruder, declared she could throw him herself, and suiting the action to the word, in a fair trial threw him fairly three times in succession. The stranger's experience with the sister was sufficient; he never sought a future interview with the brother.

The greatest feat which Gardner was ever known to perform was on one of the wharves of St. John. Mr. McKean saw him lift and carry an anchor weighing 1,200 pounds, numbers of other witnesses standing by, some of whom are yet alive. Frequently he has seen him carrying a barrel of pork under each arm, and once he saw him shoulder a barrel of pork while standing in an ordinary brandy box. When about forty years of age Gardner removed to the United States, and never returned to his native province.

It is commonly reported and believed that he met with a sad adventure on board a Mississippi steamer. A heavy bell was on board as a portion of the freight, and the captain, a great, powerful fellow, was concerned as to how he should remove it from its place in order to make room on deck. While captain and passengers were at dinner, Tom, in the presence of the crew, to their utter amazement, lifted the bell and carried it to the opposite side of the boat. When the captain returned he asked how that had been accomplished, and when Gardner laughingly remarked that he carried it there, the former gave him the lie, and as one word brought on another, he presently struck Tom in the face. This was too much, and for the first time in his life the strong man gave blow for blow; but one buffet was sufficient. The captain never spoke again, killed on the instant. Tom made his escape, went West, and has never been heard of since. —*New Brunswick Reporter.*

RAVEN-OUS POT-TRY.—Then a matron made for kisses in the liveliest of dresses, and with eyes that shone more brightly than the diamond that she wore spoke in tones of late-like sweetness words of such exceeding fitness, phrases of such happy neatness, that we clapped our hands for more, as with grace she left the floor.—*St. Louis Times.*

She was fitted for a preacher in the church of truthful Beecher, where the text is spoke in kisses and the sermon is of blisses, that the saintly, fervid teacher never, never, knew before; where true inwardness suspected, when finally detected, is paid a hundred thousand not to do so any more; only this and nothing more.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A CITIZEN who was driving along the Jackson road the other day, says the Vicksburg *Herald*, saw a man up a tree near the roadside, and halting he inquired: "What are you doing up there?" The man made no reply and the citizen continued: What's the cause of your being up there?" At this moment a woman rose up from the fence corner, rested a club on the fence and remarked: "I'm the cause, stranger, and if you wait till he comes down you'll see the worst field of carnage around here that ever laid out doors!" The citizen drove on and she turned to the man up the tree and continued: "Polhemus, I can't climb and you know it; but if you'll drop down here for two minutes I'll give you a quit-claim deed of the farm!"

AN Englishman, having asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good, received this reply: "Yes; they are so fine I wonder you do not import some of them into England. Let me see, there is the road to love, strewed with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honor, through the camp; to prison, through the law, and to the undertaker's, through physic." "Have you any road to preferment?" asked the Englishman. "Yes, faith, we have; but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

AGITATION of the Bible-in-the-schools question has wrought a citizen of Rochester up to the highest patriotic pitch. "Is this a free country?" he says. "I shall immediately purchase a Bible, and I should like to see anybody stop my reading it. By the way, what kind of a work is it, and where can I find one?"

EBENSBURG
HARDWARE
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISH'G STORE
IS THE PLACE TO BUY
STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, IRON,
NAILS, GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, &c.
[6-18-1 GEO. HUNTLEY, Prop'r.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and get the best MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE made. PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and get the best HORSE HAY RAKE ever introduced. CHEAP FOR CASH.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BEST CORN FODDER AND STRAW CUTTER ever sold in this county. Their cost more than saved in one year by cutting your feed with it.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and examine the neatest little CHOPPING MILL ever introduced. It chops from 10 to 12 bushels of rye, corn or oats per hour. BUY ONE—IT COSTS ONLY $35.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your HARVEST TOOLS, which he sells CHEAPER FOR CASH than they can be bought elsewhere in Ebensburg.

FARMERS AND OTHERS, if you intend to build a house or barn, or otherwise improve your property, go to HUNTLEY for NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS, HARDWARE, &c. Money saved by buying for cash.

CARPENTERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your TOOLS and BUILDING HARDWARE. Pay cash and save 20 per cent.

BLACKSMITHS, HUNTLEY will sell you Horse Shoes, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Bar Iron, Nail Rod, Cast Steel, &c., VERY LOW FOR CASH.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your Stoves and Tinware. PAY CASH AND SAVE MONEY.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and save 25 per cent. by paying cash for Table Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BLANCHARD CHURN, the best in the world. Sold for Cash at manufacturer's prices.

GO TO HUNTLEY FOR CLOTHES WRINGERS. He sells them at greatly reduced prices for the ready cash.

HUNTLEY will sell you WALL PAPER as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other dealer in Ebensburg, and trim it into the bargain without extra charge.

A LARGE LOT OF POCKET AND PENKNIVES very cheap for cash at HUNTLEY'S.

THE Best SILVER-PLATED WARE in the market at 25 per cent. less than city retail prices. Sold for cash at [6-18-'75.-tf.] HUNTLEY'S.

G. C. K. ZAHM,
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
AND ALL OTHER GOODS USUALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.
WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.
Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER!
AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE
PRICES
At E. J. MILLS'
Cheap Cash Store
Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in
Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, Notions, GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.,
In this "Neck o' Timber."
☞A complete and elegant assortment of new goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High st, cor. nea Centre street.
E. J. MILLS.
Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.
HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Fluid, Ointments, Pleasants, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.
Cigars and Tobaccos,
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Reliews, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Pen-knives, Pipes, &c.
☞We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.
Paper and Cigars sold by the box wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.
JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker
THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained any where.
Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at this establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.
☞Repairing of Boots and shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.
JOHN D. THOMAS.

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

E. A. SHOEMAKER.....WM. H. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
[9-1.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.
F. W. HAY & SON
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

W. D. M'CLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN.
M'CLELLAND & CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Fancy and Plain
FURNITURE!
AND CHAIRS.
We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS
Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for
OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!
IN PIECES OR SUITS,
At PRICES Below
Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.
Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,
NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
☞All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-13,'74.-tf.]

Wood, Morrell & Co.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near PENN'A R. R. DEPOT,
Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASSWARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED of all kind,
Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as
FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, ETC.
☞Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE
Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.
The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of
Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves
of the most approved designs.
☞SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.
All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.
VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Mountain HOUSE!
Corner Centre and High Sts.,
EBENSBURG, PA.
UNDER its new management, this well known HOTEL solicits a continuance of public patronage. A limited number of
Summer Boarders
WILL BE RECEIVED.
ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST CLASS.
April 9, 1875.-2m. L. H. LINTON.

How to Make Rag Carpets.

If you want something for your kitchen floor, firm, warm and durable, from which spots can be easily removed, which can be shaken, turned, and be as good as new for several years, use rag carpets. They can generally be obtained of carpet dealers at from sixty cents to one dollar a yard; but often a smoother and handsomer article can be made at home, at least ready for the loom. For this purpose save the old clothes—old flannel, sheets, and under-garments, old dresses—in fact, everything which will make long strips. Old clothes of good colors are doubly valuable. Calicoes not too much worn are excellent material. Cut into strips about an inch wide, sew end to end, and wind smoothly into balls of about one pound weight. Allow from one and one-fourth to one and one-half pounds of rags to a square yard of carpeting. Collect all odd pieces of any color for the mosaic or hit-and-miss stripe. Cut and mix these thoroughly before sewing, so as to make this stripe as uniform as possible. A few pounds of remnants from a woolen factory or soft listings, of any needed color, make a nice stripe, and require little sewing. Do not put too much black into a kitchen carpet, as it is not a strong color and shows the dust more than other colors. A stripe of several shades of red brightens up a carpet wonderfully—and who objects to a little brightness in the kitchen? White woolen rags take a nice cochineal red, white cotton a durable green from fustic and logwood set with blue vitriol. A cinnamon color may be dyed with copperas. Select a coarse strong warp of some dark color—brown and slate colors are good—allowing one pound of warp for every three and one-fourth yards of carpeting. Keep the exact weight of rags and warp to compare with weight of carpet when returned, and employ a good weaver. Many prefer a kitchen carpet put down with rings, as it can thus be easily taken up and shaken.—*Scribner for Sept.*

CAT AND DOG FRIENDSHIP.—A correspondent of *Nature* writes to that journal as follows:

"I have reared a fine mastiff. He is now three and a half years old. When quite a puppy he and a kitten evinced a strong liking for each other. The kitten, when able to leave its mother, fixed her residence in the dog's kennel, and never seemed happy when away from her large friend. She ate her breakfast out of the dog's bowl, and slept in his kennel with his paws around her. She used to catch mice and young rats and carry them to him, and seemed quite pleased when he accepted friendship's offering. One morning I observed the cat preparing a bed with straw in the corner of the kennel—an ordinary wooden one, four feet by two and a half feet. As she was going to have kittens, I thought she intended making the kennel her nursery, and 'Cato' (the dog) her head nurse. Such proved to be the case. She brought forth five kittens, and there they lay for some time. The mother frequently went away for hours, leaving the dog to look after her family. I many times stooped down to examine them, and 'Cato' stood by my side quite proud of his charge. The poor cat came to an untimely end eighteen months ago, but the only surviving kitten of the five named above is as fond of the dog as her mother was. She brings him mice, young rats and rabbits, and lays them down before 'Cato,' and looks beseechingly till he takes them. She constantly plays with him, and gets on her hindlegs to look fondly into his face, while he puts his paws around her like he used to do her mother. She must have inherited this affection from her mother, as she was too young to have imitated her mother's actions at the time of her death."

THE WIRE WORM.—Salt will prevent the ravages to the wire-worm and the white corn grub. The salt should be applied when the plant shows itself above the ground. It should be mixed with plaster, about one quart of salt to four or five of plaster, according to soil and placed around the hill, not over the plants, as the salt may prove worse than the grub. If properly done it will prove a complete protection. The Massachusetts Ploughman, in answering a question whether or not salt was beneficial as a manure, says: "There is one thing about it and that is it serves to make the ground light and mellow where it is applied while grubs and wire-worms seem to avoid land where salt has been used."

HOW TO ESTIMATE CROPS PER ACRE.—Frame together four light sticks, measuring exactly one foot square inside, and with this in hand walk into the field and select a spot of fair average yield and lower the frame square over as many heads as it will inclose, and shell out the heads thus inclosed carefully and weigh the grain. It is fair to presume that the proportion will be the 43'560th part of an acre's produce. To prove it, go through the field and make ten or twenty similar calculations and estimate by the mean of the whole number of results. It will certainly enable a farmer to make a closer calculation of what a field will produce than he can by guessing.

WHAT is that which has three feet but no legs, is all body but no limbs, has no toes on its feet, no head moves a great deal and never uses its feet for that purpose; has one foot at each end and the other in the centre of its body. This is a queer creature in some respects, and is very popular among the ladies and some men. It never walks out, but goes with one foot where its head might be, dragging the other foot behind. These feet have nails but no toes, no heel and no bone in the foot. —A yard measure.

PARASOLS,
STRAW BONNETS
AND HATS,
CLOSING OUT!
AT THE
VERY LOWEST FIGURES.
ALL KIND OF
SUMMER
DRESS GOODS AND DRY GOODS
GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE AT
Geis, Foster & Quinn's,
Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

BUY YOUR MUSICAL GOODS AT
KNAKE & McGINN'S,
Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED
KNAKE & McGINN PIANO, AND THE PHILHARMONIC ORGAN
GENERAL WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE
PATENT ARION PIANO.
Dealers in Distin & Co.'s (London), Besson (London), Saxe (Paris), Piston Valve, and our own mak of Rotary Valve BRASS INSTRUMENTS. The best and freshest strings for all Instruments constantly on hand.
Being PUBLISHERS of SHEET MUSIC, we make this branch a specialty, and always keep a full stock of the latest and best pieces on hand. Our stock of music books of all kinds is complete.
PIANOS AND ORGANS SOLD ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.
OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Clergymen, Principals of Seminaries, Leaders of Bands, Teachers, and all wishing to purchase Musical Goods, will find it to their interest to communicate directly with us.
Catalogues and Price Lists furnished free on application.
WAREROOMS, No. 12 Sixth Street, (Late St. Clair.)
[1-29.-1y.] PITTSBURGH, PA.

GLASS! GLASS! GLASS!
The Latest and Most Elegant Styles of
TABLE GLASS WARE,
Window Glass, Flint and Green Bottles, Lamps, Chandeliers and Brackets,
French Crystal Glass Shades
All styles--Round, Square, Oval and Oblong--for covering Wax Works, Statuettes, &c.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Send for Price List and Quotations before Purchasing.
W. C. ARMOR & CO.
53 Ninth Street, late Hand, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MUSSELMAN & CO.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Manufacturers of all kinds of CHEWING TOBACCO. Also, the celebrated
GIANT AND IRONSIDE NAVY!
To be had in Pittsburgh at R. & W. Jenkinson's, John Fullerton & Son, J. W. Taylor, Martin Heyl, T. J. Wallace, J. M. Sichel & Co., E. Poersteil & Co., Carter Brothers, Dilworth Brothers, T. C. Jenkins, Knox & Orr, Herzog & Bachman, and all other Tobacco and Grocery Houses. [6-25.-3m.]

Andrew Moses,
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.
HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING —The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [9-1.'74.]

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
AND DEALERS IN
Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,
No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,
Altoona, Pa.
ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.
Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

Parke's Marble Works,
139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.
☞Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.
Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!
131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.
MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '74.-tf.]

GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,*
Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [Aug.27, '74.]

VACCINATING THE TUBBS FAMILY.

Years ago in Kentucky there lived one of the old Virginia families, of which [illegible] Tubbs was the husband and possessor. Mrs. Tubbs was a woman, but for [illegible] were all boys, and finally did she [illegible] look on these little Tubbs and think of [illegible] day when they would hold as many [illegible] old Tubbs, and that through them [illegible] erable Tubbs would float down the stream [illegible] time in posterity.

After a while small-pox came around, [illegible] anxiety thrilled the old Squire's [illegible] little Tubbs must all be vaccinated. [illegible] Dr. Simpkins was called in. He went [illegible] work on the arms of those boys as if he [illegible] gouging for grub-worms in a fence-row. [illegible] the vaccination took finally, but still the [illegible] Squire was not happy. The youngest, [illegible] Benjamin Franklin Tubbs, was the pet of [illegible] the Squire's heart, and the old man would [illegible] exclaim:

"Ah, he is the smartest boy I ever saw; [illegible] he'll be President of the United States [illegible] sure. Did you ever seen a colored boy [illegible] Fine development isn't it? What a [illegible] brain he has! Observe the frankness of [illegible] regular cut mouth; the pride of those [illegible] nostrils; the fire of those eyes! I [illegible] Doctor, I want him vaccinated in both [illegible]

"But, Squire, it has taken finely on [illegible] won't take again."

"It must take. Why, great Cæsar, I [illegible] risk that boy's life on one arm!"

The old doctor thought he must make [illegible] effort or he might lose patronage in the [illegible] family, so he got some virus from a sore [illegible] patient and ornamented it into the [illegible] of the young Ben Franklin. Now, [illegible] course could have but one result, and [illegible] in a beautiful case of variloid; so [illegible] the other boys broke out, and at last [illegible] in the old Squire and his wife, and [illegible] all down. They were the most [illegible] ever seen, and as red as a turkey [illegible] wattle. The old Squire loaded his [illegible] with salt and had it by him when [illegible] kins came in to see how they were [illegible] along.

"Blast yer old hide!" exclaimed [illegible] Squire as the doctor came in. "[illegible] played smash, now, hav'n't you? You [illegible] and just as the doctor went through [illegible] the old Squire lifted him with the [illegible] salt, and he had to sit down on [illegible] mouth afterwards, and ride on his [illegible] stand up to rest.

The Tubbs' family all got well, and [illegible] the old doctor, but they never heard [illegible] of that vaccination in both arms.

HE BET BECAUSE THE ODDS WERE GREAT

A son of the Fatherland went into [illegible] the other day and called for a drink. [illegible] proprietor observed how blooming he [illegible] with the "rosy" already, and shook [illegible] head, saying: "You have had enough." "Enough of what, I guess?" asked the Teuton. "Enough to drink." "No, [illegible] running my machine, you or I?" "[illegible] are, and you are running it into the [illegible] ground.

"I bade you ten dollars dot I am right," said he, slamming his hand down upon the bar.

"There is no bet there," said the proprietor, laughing.

"Gife us a drink."

"No, you are drunk now."

"I bade you not."

"Well, I'll bet you fifty dollars [illegible] that you are drunk," said the proprietor, while quite a number gathered around to see the fun.

"Good enough, I bade you." [illegible] ing out fractional currency enough to make up a dollar. "Now who will you have to mid?"

"I'll leave it to yourself. Are you drunk?"

"Yes, by jingoes, I am," said he [illegible] fully, "dake der dollar."

A friend of his happened to be in the crowd, and upbraided him for [illegible] ing against himself. "But it was [illegible] drudh."

"Well, supposing it was; what [illegible] want to be fool enough to bet for the [illegible]

"I couldn't help it—der odds were [illegible] gread," he replied, turning away in sorrow than in anger.

DOGS GOING OVER NIAGARA

In November, 1836, a troublesome male bull terrier was put in a cellar by a couple of men who had decided to get rid of her, and thrown off from the middle of Goat Island bridge. The following spring she was found alive and well about sixty rods below the ferry, having lived through the winter on a dog that was thrown over the bank the fall. In 1858 another dog, a small same breed, was thrown into the river also near the middle of the bridge, less than an hour he came up the stairs very wet and not at all dry. The reason why the animals are not lost that the water pours down so rapidly in such quantities that the water is so to, speak, can not run off fast enough and it piles up in large waves which are constantly forming and breaking. any strong animal should fall or jump these cones, as upon a soft cushion, and slide safely into the current below. dogs were doubtless fortunate enough fall this way, aided, also, by the rush of the water from the rocks in the channel through which they passed. not impossible that some strong man, light, strong boat, may thus, at some time, go over the Horseshoe Fall and be killed.

TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE

French cooks are famous for the excellence of their coffee, which they say is strong that one part of the liquor to the addition of two parts to reduce it to proper strength. This addition is made with hot milk. The large proportion of milk, in the place of so much water, gives the coffee a richness like that of by the addition of cream in the other way. By this means any housekeeper desirous of making good coffee, can do so without cream.

Newport, R. I. has gained 1,362 in population in five years.